

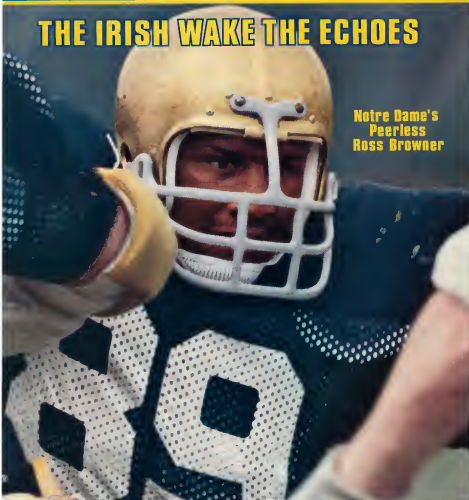
COLLEGE FOOTBALL '77

Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 5, 1977 \$1.25

THE IRISH WAKE THE ECHOES

**Notre Dame's
Peerless
Ross Browner**



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Only 22 will be Kodak All-Americans.

This season, thousands of athletes will put on the shoulder pads, helmets, and colorful uniforms that mark them as college football players. At the end of the season, only 22 of these athletes will have earned the honor of wearing the Kodak All-America Team insignia. The requirements for making this team are tough. They are set by the toughest judges of all, the more than 2,000 col-

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since this team was established by Walter Camp 88 years ago. Once selected for the Kodak All-America Team, he will be in the company of some of the greatest names in college football.

Though many college football players will be honored this season, only a few will earn the singular distinction of being a Kodak All-American.

**The 1977 Kodak All-Americans
...watch for them.**



KODAK SPORTS PROGRAM

Many people just won't use products right.

Guess who pays for their injuries.

We all do. In the form of higher prices for the products we buy.

Why? Because manufacturers and sellers of products are being besieged by product liability suits, many stemming from improper or careless use of products.

The total number of suits has soared. And the average settlement is 200 percent larger than it was 5 years ago.

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On the one hand, the public certainly has a right to reasonable protection against injury and damage from faulty products.

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Should manufacturers and sellers

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responsibility be placed on consumers to use products properly, with reasonable care?

Furthermore, manufacturers are being sued as long as 40 years after products leave their plants. Even when products are altered by others and made unsafe.

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These are not easy questions.

But we at The St. Paul feel the public must answer them.

How can you participate in making these decisions?

Send for our "Enough is Enough" consumer booklet. It's full of information on the causes and the pros and cons of some possible cures for high insurance rates. You'll find out how to register your views where they'll count. Along with some tips on how you can hold down your own insurance costs.

Then get involved. Support the

action you want taken.

Write a letter to your legislators. Be heard.

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Enough is Enough

Write The St. Paul for your "Enough is Enough" booklet. Or contact an Independent Agent or broker representing The St. Paul. He's in this with you and wants to help. You'll find him in the Yellow Pages.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Pretty as the picture.



Zenith's sleek, black-and-white TV portables look beautiful. And perform beautifully. Only Zenith has all three of these top performance features. Power Transformer (for longer life). 3-stage I.F. Amplification (for a stronger signal with less interference) and Perma-Set VHF Fine Tuning (so you don't have to fine-tune every time you change channels). See Zenith black-and-white TV in 9" through 22" diagonal screen sizes at your Zenith dealer.

Shown: The 12-inch diagonal Voyager J123W, with richly grained simulated Walnut cabinet. Simulated TV picture.

ZENITH

The quality goes in
before the name goes on.®

A blank canvas troubles many artists, but it was almost a relief for Bernie Fuchs to get down to painting the college hangouts (pages 32-36) for this, our annual college football issue. It was his camera that had been the source of trouble. Fuchs works from a combination of photographs—"If I could get a perfect one, I'd be a photographer"—but people expect artists to carry sketch pads, not cameras, which proved especially unwelcome in bars. At the Last Lap in Knoxville, for example, they thought Fuchs was the law, come to check on overcrowding and get the evidence on film. He had to cool his heels while an employee called *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* in New York for an identity check. And at more than one alumni hangout, introductions and explanations brought the response, "Forget it, no pictures." The alums did not care to be photographed with people clearly not old Army buddies, so Fuchs decided to concentrate on student bars.

There he found that hospitality was the problem, not hostility. Often, in his 10 consecutive Friday and Saturday nights of research, when he mentioned *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* Fuchs would be told, "The place is yours." He claims he got the assignment because he can handle his beer, but there were three times when he could not find his rent-

ed car. And at Penn State, "After a tour of 10 bars, they all started running together." Fuchs did find, and walk unaided to, his car that night, which is more than can be said for some of his student guides.

The assignment did not evoke Fuchs' own college days at Washington University in St. Louis. He was an art major who attended one football game in four years and played trumpet in a jazz band on weekends for his spending money. After graduating in 1954, he spent five years in Detroit illustrating automobile ads, but his plan was to make it to New York and be working for the women's magazines by the time he was 25. He succeeded, and in 1959 moved to Westport, Conn., where all his idols in magazine illustration seemed to live. A year later he met *SI* Art Director Dick Gangel at a party. Gangel asked him to illustrate our Masters golf tournament preview. "You're a nut!" exclaimed Fuchs, not one to suppress his personality for the sake of his career. Or vice versa. His paintings of Palmer, Venura, et al., a radical departure from his boys-and-girls-together work, were his first in our pages, and soon he branched out further, painting portraits of Presidents Kennedy and Johnson for another publication.

His style changed and so did his pace. In 1969 Gangel sent him to Pasadena where he watched the Rose Bowl game live and the Orange Bowl on a television set and in 36 consecutive hours produced six paintings of both events for a fast-closing story. He still considers it his most exciting assignment.

Since then Fuchs has had over 30 assignments from *SI*, on subjects as diverse as Ali and the city of Munich, O. J. Simpson and the Kentucky Derby. He has been elected to New York's Society of Illustrators Hall of Fame, a singular honor, where at 44 he is the youngest of 29 members and probably the only one ever to hit 10 bars in a single night—in the line of duty.



ARTIST BERNIE FUCHS—90 BEERS LATER

Sack meyer

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AIR FORCE—A GREAT WAY OF LIFE





How the rich recycle.

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT H. BEVILL

SNAKE EYES

A lot of the rumors about the basketball program at the University of Nevada at Las Vegas have turned out to be true. Citing numerous alleged violations, the NCAA last week placed Las Vegas on probation for two years and limited the number of basketball scholarships to six, three a year. (A school in good standing is allowed a total of 15 players on scholarship.) The NCAA has directed Las Vegas to "take appropriate disciplinary and corrective actions against individuals directly involved in the case, including a former head basketball coach, a former assistant basketball coach, the present head basketball coach and eight representatives of the university's athletic interests."

The NCAA names no names, but the present head coach is Jerry Tarkenton, who has had the job since 1973, while the past head coach is John Bayer, now director of physical education at Las Vegas. The report says that the unnamed Bayer arranged for prospective student athletes to get correct answers to questions on entrance exams and for an assistant to help them memorize the answers and, neat twist, told them what questions to answer incorrectly so their scores would not be suspiciously high.

The report notes Bayer and Tarkenton arranged for illegal payments of airplane fares to prospects could visit the school, and between 1971 and 1973 Bayer made illegal cash payments to players and provided free apartments. In 1973-74 Tarkenton set up a deal for a player to get a grade in a course without attending it or doing any work. Furthermore, Tarkenton "arranged for other individuals to contact at least two principals involved in the case in an effort to discourage them from reporting information related to violations." Tarkenton also sought "to cause them to give untruthful information to the university."

The NCAA wants to know exactly what Las Vegas is going to do to discipline its miscreants, and should this not

be sufficient, the NCAA stands ready to impose additional penalties.

DOWNHILL RACERS

Highway 40, a twisting old road that used to be the main route between Reno and San Francisco, has been replaced by Interstate 80, a four-lane divided highway that roughly parallels the old road. But Highway 40 has not been entirely abandoned. Some local traffic still uses it, and one three-mile stretch, a treacherous, twisting hill high in the Sierra Nevada, has become a favorite playground of skateboarders. High school ski teams ride boards down the grade in summer to keep in competitive trim, and skateboard fanatics from all over the West gather, even at night, when the moon is shining, to try the hill.

The California Highway Patrol frets because the road is dangerous. The old highway has some tight hairpin turns, many of them dead-blind, and the road skirts the edges of one cliff after another. Most skateboarders control their speed, taking as long as an hour to make the three-mile run. Horboarders, on the other hand, zing down the hill in 25 minutes. Recently a Highway Patrol car narrowly missed a skater, and a month or so ago a truck swerved off the road to avoid a youngster on a board. The driver jumped to safety, the truck was totaled and the skateboarder rolled on.

There is no law under which the Highway Patrol can crack down on reckless skateboarding on the open highway. The only available penalty is a \$5 fine for "pedestrian out of crosswalk."

PLAYING FALSE

Columnist George Dolan of the Fort Worth Star-Telegram tells this story. Herb Maurice and Jim Holmes work for the same company, and each phoned the office on Monday morning to report he would not be in that day. Each had to have dental work done. A few days later, Holmes explained why.

"Herb and I went fishing Saturday."

said Holmes. "When we were out in the middle of the lake, Herb took out his dentures and put them on the boat seat. I decided I'd play a prank on him. When he wasn't looking, I put his teeth in my pocket. Then later, when I got the chance, I took my dentures out and put them where his had been."

"We fished awhile, then decided to go to another spot. Herb picked up the teeth and tried several times to get them in his mouth. He got fiery mad, threw them as far as he could and said, 'Those dang things never have fit me right.'"

"Well, I froze, because mine fit me perfectly and cost me a bundle, besides I was stunned a few seconds, then reached in my pocket, got his teeth, threw them as far as I could and said, 'Mine don't fit, either.'"

ON COURSE

The strange and fragile plane designed by Dr. Paul MacCready and known as the Gossamer Condor (SL, Aug. 11) has finally done it. Last week in Shafter, Calif. it became the first successful man-powered aircraft. The man power was supplied by Bryan Allen, 24, who fur-



26-11

iously pedaled to turn the prop. By completing the figure-eight, one-mile course and by being at an altitude of at least 10 feet at the start and finish, the Gossamer Condor, which weighs 77 pounds and has a 96-foot wingspread, fulfilled the conditions for an \$86,000 prize offered by London's Royal Aeronautical Society.

continued

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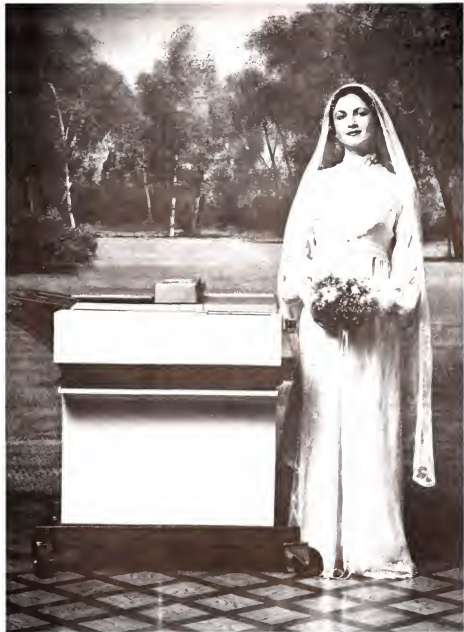
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"It was a successful flight," said Bill Richardson, who was hired as official observer for the society, which will now go over his report.

After completing the flight in seven minutes and 20 seconds the exhausted Allen said, "Making the climbs was very difficult, and it took all the power I could generate to make the turns around the pylons. I got half to three-quarters of the way around before I realized I had a chance. When I got to the last pylon, I knew I was going to finish." Bushed as he was, Allen had good reason to keep going. "My cycle shoes were fastened to the pedals," he explained, "and there was no way I could pull my feet out."

FALLEN EAGLE

And then there are those who can't make it up into the wild blue yonder. Take the Black Eagle, a former doughnut maker whose real name is Walter Heywood. The Black Eagle paid \$15,000 to rent Boston Garden on a recent Sunday night for an attempt to break the world indoor jump record in his homemade rocket. To call the show the flop of the year would be an understatement.

The advance sale totaled nine

The crowd in the 12,757-seat arena was 250.

As TV cameras zoomed in on the launch, the catapult broke and the rocket ship feebly rolled back down the launch ramp at about two mph before plopping 10 inches to the Garden floor.

But the Black Eagle was not disheartened. "No one asked for their money back," he said.

CASE DISMISSED

With the George Atkinson-Chuck Noll case out of the way, another federal district court has taken a look, albeit a brief one, at player violence in the National Football League. Judge Richard P. Matsch in Denver dismissed a \$1 million lawsuit against Fullback Boobie Clark and the Cincinnati Bengals. The suit was filed by Dale Hackbart, a former defensive back for the Denver Broncos, who claimed he was injured and his career cut short four years ago, when Clark struck him in the head. No penalty was called, and Hackbart played two more games for the Broncos before he was waived. After hearing testimony and viewing films, Judge Matsch concluded civil courts cannot be expected to control violence in pro football.

Cincinnati's Assistant General Manager and Legal Counsel Mike Brown is pleased with the dismissal. "What it did," he says, "was confirm what we always assumed to be the arrangement under which football has been played—that players assume the risk for injuries not just within the rules, but outside the rules. If that assumption had been changed, there would have been so many suits filed you couldn't have counted them."

Brown doubts that the ruling will encourage violence. "I think the league is going to police that kind of thing more severely than ever," he says. "We recognize it as a problem. We don't condone it, the other clubs don't condone it, the commissioner doesn't condone it and the players themselves don't."

FELOPZO

An optometrist and sports fan, Dr. A. I. Garner of Harrisburg, Pa., says, "If an athlete is not visually fit, he is not 100% physically fit." And going by a study that took Garner five years to complete, about a quarter of all U.S. athletes may suffer from poor vision. Of the 3,094 athletes he examined, 866 could not pass the eye test used by the Pennsylvania State Police to determine if a driver should wear glasses. Thirteen of 53 hockey players in training with the 1974 Pittsburgh Penguins failed, including seven who were wearing prescription glasses or contact lenses. Among college athletes, 33% of the football players flunked, while 50% of all basketball players who had not previously had their eyes examined failed the test. High school football players had a failure rate of 27%, but only 17% of women college athletes flunked.

To rephrase Dorothy Parker, men who throw passes may need to wear glasses.

VIVE LE STADE!

The Olympic Stadium that plunged Montreal into debt is paying off for local teams. The Expos, struggling to reach 500, have almost doubled last year's total attendance—646,704 to 1,186,232, the largest increase in baseball this season. And now the Montreal Alouettes of the Canadian Football League are getting the crowds. On July 26 they drew 55,000 to Olympic Stadium for a game against Calgary, one of the weakest CFL teams. The Alouettes followed that with 63,300 against the Winnipeg Blue Bombers and a sellout 66,544 for the Ottawa Rough Riders, the Grey Cup champions.

All this leads to speculation that the National Football League might take another look at Montreal, where Alouette crowds have exceeded those expected in some NFL cities this year.

BY THE NUMBERS

A funny thing happened at New York's Monticello Raceway last week: Bucking odds of 40,319 to 1, all eight horses in Tuesday night's second race finished in their post positions. Some octofecta!

METRIC FOOTBALL, CHAPTER II

In this space last November, Dr. Andrew Hulsebosch of the Eastern Analysis Institute suggested that football switch from yards to meters. A realist, Hulsebosch knew there was scant chance of getting the NFL or major colleges to try the metric system, but he hoped that a small academically oriented college, such as Carleton, might try it out.

Well, Jerry Mohr, a chemistry prof at Carleton, read the item and spoke to Jack Thurnblad, the athletic director. As a result, Carleton will play the first metric college football game on Sept. 17 in Northfield, Minn., against its hometown rival, St. Olaf. The Carls and the Oles, who have been almost dead-even over the years (28 wins for Carleton, 26 for St. Olaf and one tie), will do battle for the traditional Goat Trophy on a field 100 meters—or 109.36 yards—long. The players' heights and weights will be in centimeters and kilograms. To make a first down, a team must advance 10 meters (10.94 yards), which makes Carleton Coach Dale Quist think that the offenses will be wide open and that passing and kicking will play big roles. Everything is in readiness, except for the height of the crossbar, which probably will be set at an even number of meters. Whether the crossbar will be higher or lower than the standard 10 feet is a subject of discussion between the two teams. Watch this space for further details.

THEY SAID IT

- Neal Jeffrey, returning to Southwestern Theological Seminary after being cut by the San Diego Chargers: "I guess the Lord has something else in mind for me."
- Charley Hannah, Tampa Bay rookie defensive end, after dining with Assistant Coach Abe Gibron, a noted trencherman: "He was eating things we wouldn't even go in swimming with in Alabama."

END

**"You've got to keep
your body in shape.
First your career
depends on it,
then your life
does."**

Mickey Mantle



(Mickey Mantle has been justly called the premier athlete of his decade. Four times American League home run king, three times most valuable player, he retired in 1968 and was elected to the Hall of Fame in 1974. He and Whitney Ford are the subjects of a popular new book, "Whitney and Mickey," published by Viking Press.)

Q. That must be rough to do. After running for 20 years, the body probably wants to take it easy.

A. That's right, but you can't let up. There's too many banquets, too many guys buying you drinks.

It's easy to balloon up and become a walking heart attack.

Q. Do most former athletes stay in good shape?

A. They want to, because they have pride in their bodies. But it's hard, especially if you retired because of an injury.

Q. You mean the injury keeps you from playing other sports?

A. Sure. With my knee, I can never play tennis or handball. If I could play tennis, I could still be playing baseball.

Q. How do you keep in shape?

A. I ride a bike, I play golf and swim. I can walk about nine holes of golf, then my knee starts getting worse. That's what's good about a bike. It's like an exercise machine, only a lot more fun I need it.

Q. So once your body is used to athletics, you can't ever really quit.

A. That's true. Of course, I've always enjoyed athletics and I still do. I just miss getting paid for it.

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THE COSMOS REACH THEIR GOAL

By beating tenacious Seattle in Soccer Bowl '77, the Cosmos not only won the NASL championship but they also made Pelé's cherished dream come true

by Clive Gammon

The Cosmos' Hunt steals ball from goalie Chorshy (top), is tackled by him (center) and they wind up in net. At right, Pelé, Chonagla and Tony Field congratulate Hunt on goal that made score 1-0

CONTINUED



It was a huge fiesta in the rain. The lucky Jones sat in the stands and the rest on open benches, drying out a little when the sun fitfully appeared, and roaring their hearts out as if this were Munich on World Cup day, not a soaking Sabbath in Portland. All 35,548 of them were crammed into creaky old Civic Stadium that was built in the '20s with greyhound racing in mind but which in the future may be recognized as the place where soccer in North America had its coming-of-age party. The NASL final between the Seattle Sounders and the Cosmos—officials would prefer you to call it Soccer Bowl '77—was the culmination of a season that has changed the face of the sport in the U.S. And the game itself was a special kind of soccer, gaining in drama and passion because everything hung on the day. You could call it Cup Fever.

The pairing in Portland was classic underdog versus superdog. To the right, the Cosmos, a team on which millions of dollars had been lavished by Warner Communications. On the left, the Sounders, described by Seattle's own *Post-Intelligencer* last week as "a gang of [coach] Jimmy Gabriel's odd cronies from the homeland." That was self-deprecatory flummery, of course. The paper made it plain that it really loved the bunch of hard-nosed pros from the lower divisions of the English League.

If not among the players, then in the Cosmos' camp there were certain airs and graces detectable before the game. "Wouldn't it be fine," mused a team official on the eve of the match, "if the Cosmos could represent America in the World Cup?" It was explained to him that only citizens could represent a nation in that competition, and clearly many of the Cosmos' leading lights were not U.S. citizens—Pelé, Franz Beckenbauer and Giorgio Chinaglia, to name three.

"So why doesn't Warner buy Nicaragua or maybe Scotland?" was the rejoinder.

"Quiet," a third voice said, "or it'll be up at the next board meeting."

It was just as well he couldn't be heard at Civic Stadium, which was packed mainly by Sounders fans. THE YEAR SEATTLE SLEW THE COSMOS read one of the more literate hand-painted signs. Another, smaller one indicated yet a further reason for the day to be accorded a place in soccer history. FELICIDADES PELÉ, it said,



Messing had 11 saves in the game, six in the second half, under almost constant Sounder pressure.

And the elegiac sky, low and weeping, was indeed a fitting backdrop against which to see the last of the great player. There will be other farewell appearances for him but not another game that matters in the record books. The neat, compact, wrinkle-browed magician has had a greater influence on the game than any other player of his time. Three years ago Pelé of Brazil became Pelé of the Cosmos, of New York, of the U.S.A. It would be dishonest to pretend this was still the Pelé of Brazil's three World Cup triumphs. The great skills were there, but necessarily doled out in smaller quantities over 90 minutes of play. It didn't matter much. In three years, not to labor the point, Pelé has made soccer big league in North America.

And so, in Portland on Sunday, the crowd was a little torn between seeing its side win and seeing Pelé go out with a bang, rather than something less. An exception was Jimmy Gabriel. "Pelé's won enough medals," he declared dolefully, if understandably.

And the Sounders started as if they

were going to make sure of that. In the first minute Dave Gillet bundled Chinaglia head over heels and Micky Cave blazed the ball over the Cosmos' crossbar in the first of what turned out to be an endless series of near things for Cosmos Goalie Shep Messing. Jimmy Robertson, Seattle's Glaswegian right wing, had Carlos Alberto, the Cosmos' most recent Brazilian acquisition, clearing wildly upfield in contrast to what would normally be his thoughtful pass to a midfielder. Only Steve Hunt for the Cosmos looked aggressive. And for long periods in the first half he was left alone up front.

The Sounders kept charging, committing almost everything to the attack, with the Cosmos' midfield apparently unable to exploit the huge gaps that this left. And they came close indeed to taking an early lead that might have unmanned the Cosmos, who appeared to have little stomach for offense. Jocky Scott hit a ball that struck the Cosmos' crossbar and rebounded to Cave. Cave slammed it into the net and was running back in joy be-

fore he realized the official had whistled for offside. It was a hairline decision, and it may have decided the game. For, shortly after that, almost 20 minutes into the half, Hunt's one-man army was finally rewarded for its repeated, unaided forays.

Chinaglia had hit a kind of vaguely hopeful bull upfield. It was far in front of Hunt, and Tony Chursky, the Canadian who keeps goal for Seattle, had it well covered and indeed gathered it easily. But Hunt kept running, challenging the goalie, who astonishingly chose to roll the ball along the ground to a defenseman. Amazed by his good fortune, Hunt intercepted and clipped it into the goal.

Cosmos 1-0, which meant only that they had weathered the initial storm. Four minutes later Sounder Forward Tommy Ord, who had been giving Cosmos' defender Werner Roth a difficult afternoon, got to a cross ball from Cave and the score was tied, 1-1.

The Cosmos' stars were not shining. Beckenbauer was uncharacteristically guilty of sloppy passing. Pelé, too, was making mistakes and it seemed that he might go out with a whimper after all. The Cosmos' attack would start up only to die out swiftly. Typically, when Hunt broke through alone again and tested Chursky with a shot that he could only parry, there was no Cosmo there to hit the rebound.

In the second half the Cosmos brought on Vito Dimitrijevic as an attacking midfielder to add some spine. It created more attacking chances, but even so there was nervousness in the side, an unwillingness to commit. Pelé spooned the ball over the bar from close in. Nelsi Morais crossed a low ball in front of the Sounders' goal, a center ball that had to be dived for. Three Cosmos watched it go by. Nobody dived.

The Sounders, although showing signs of weariness after their all-out first-half, were still in the game. Jim McAlister, the young Seattle-born defender, almost beat Messing with a low shot that the goalie fumbled, then held. Cup fever. The same affliction found Chinaglia, Pelé and Beckenbauer, the three most publicized Cosmos, in front of the Seattle goal, passing among themselves, each unwilling to take final responsibility for a shot. Yellow cards flew among the Cosmos like confetti. Cup fever.

Then Hunt took a hand again. Picking up a ball in the far left of the field,

he worked it close to the corner flag, looked around carefully and put a perfect center onto Chinaglia's head, and the tall forward nodded it in. 2-1 Cosmos. By now Gabriel had played his last card, bringing on Dave Butler and Tom Jenkins to freshen the attack. Butler, in particular, was Gabriel's secret weapon. He had scored six goals from the bench this season.

It was the signal for a last Sounders blitz, and Hunt, who had done so much for the Cosmos that afternoon, almost brought his teammates to disaster. Later even he couldn't explain why he had found himself in the middle of the Cosmos' defense and right in the goal-mouth, certainly not why he tried to dribble the ball clear, instead of passing it to Messing or a defender. Cup fever. He beat three Sounders, then lost the ball to a fourth, Steve Buttle, who hit the goalpost.

There were more escapes. In a 4 on 2 situation, Jocky Scott took the last pass and shot wide from close range. Mike England clipped a ball just wide of the post. The minutes ticked away as the Cosmos held on desperately. And they survived, and held the championship, the one Pelé had never won.

Which made it possible for Pelé, before they carried him off shoulder high, to strip off his shirt and give it to Seattle's Jim McAlister, who had just been voted the league's Rookie of the Year. American-born. The dying high priest from the exotic country hands the sacred flame on to the native acolyte. It would be hard to find a better symbol.

In their only previous meeting this year, the Sounders scored early and hung on to win 1-0. Admittedly, the game was played just a few days after Eddie Firmani had taken over as coach of the Cosmos from Gordon Bradley, and it is said that while it was going on he was still making the acquaintance of some of the players on the bench.

But for the Cosmos the game was a turning point. They were to lose only twice more in the regular season. The resurgence that followed was too late to prevent Fort Lauderdale from winning the Eastern Division, but from then on it was all roses for the Cosmos.

And Firmani's arrival had a marked influence on player morale. One telltale was the case of young Steve Hunt, a 21-year-old player with Aston Villa in the Eng-

lish First Division, for whom he didn't start in spite of his clear attacking talent. When he came to the Cosmos he was a starter right away. "I went off with a burst," Hunt recalls, of his days with Bradley on the Cosmos, "but then things started to go wrong.

"Halfway through the season," Hunt now confesses, "there was no doubt in my mind that I was going home. My wife had gone back to England already. She was badly homesick. So was I. It was nothing to do with the soccer, and I love America. What happened, see, they fixed us up in an apartment in North Bergen. In New Jersey, like. The area was not great. The rest of the players lived ages away, you know? We had no car. I had to get lifts into training."

Off the field Hunt's manner is peaceful enough as he talks with the flattened vowels of the English Midlands. He sometimes has a brooding, tense look, though, and when midway through the season his game fell off there were rumors of arguments, even punch-ups, involving Hunt and Chinaglia and of arguments with Bradley.

Things changed when Firmani arrived. "I'd been played out of my position. The tactics were wrong. I was put in midfield," Hunt said before Sunday's championship game. "But Eddie has given me a lot more freedom and I enjoy my game again. He lets me roam around a lot up front. He lets me use all the field."

On their way to the finals, the Cosmos disposed of Tampa Bay, Fort Lauderdale and Rochester in fairly straightforward fashion. The Sounders, it could be argued, had a rougher, tougher passage to Portland in advancing past Vancouver, Minnesota and Los Angeles.

The attendance for the second game of the A.L.A. set would have attracted wider attention had it not been for the more extraordinary figures for a Cosmos play-off game against Fort Lauderdale at Giants Stadium—77,691. There were 56,256 fans at the Kingdom. "The highest recorded in the league this year," the P.A. system proudly announced. "Uh, that is, west of East Rutherford...."

And, unaware as it was of the way things would go in 1977, the NASL may regret that its showpiece final had been set so early for comparatively tiny Civic Stadium. Still, when it was all over on Sunday, the Cosmos certainly weren't complaining.

BOTTOM WAS UP TO TOPPING A MARK

The anticipated showdown between U.S. and East German women was upstaged when Joe Bottom smashed swimming's oldest record **by Jerry Karshenbaum**

Marching triumphantly around East Berlin's Karl Friedrich Friesen Stadium's green-carpeted pool deck last Saturday afternoon, American swimmer Joe Bottom proved himself both gallant and accurate. Without breaking stride, Bottom flung the flowers he was carrying into the lap of Mrs. David Bolen, who was sitting in the stands with her husband, the U.S. Ambassador to East Germany. Betty Bolen smiled. Joe Bottom smiled. And across the pool, other U.S. swimmers hugged one another and cheered.

The occasion for all this exultation was a world record by Bottom in the 100-meter butterfly, the surprise highlight of the G.D.R.-U.S. dual meet in the East German capital. Before a sequestered crowd of 8,500, Bottom had just beaten G.D.R. star Roger Pyttel to win the fly in 54.18, thereby breaking Mark Spitz' 10-year hold on the record. Spitz last lowered the mark at the 1972 Olympics and that clocking of 54.37 was the only individual world swimming record more than 15 months old. Spitz, doing color commentary for ABC-TV, was at poolside in Berlin, but Bottom even rivaled him when it came to analysis. "It was," Bottom observed for the cameras, "a very conspicuous record."

For Bottom, silver medalist in the event at Montreal, the world record was just one of his contributions to the U.S. effort in Berlin. He also swam on the 4 x 100 freestyle relay team that set a world record of 3:21.11, a whopping 3.74 seconds below the previous mark, and as co-captain of the 36-member U.S. team, led the cheers as American men won 13 of 15 events, a blitz that also included a world record in the 400 freestyle by Brian Goodell.

While the men continued the dominance they showed at Montreal, a young and eager U.S. women's team was win-

ning only two of 14 events against the mighty East German *Fräulein*. But this was two events more than some people expected the Americans to win and helped the U.S. take the overall swimming team title 176 to 168.

To the crowds in the Berlin stadium, however, the results seemed almost incidental. The two-day meet had been sold out for months in advance and the stadium, built in 1951, had been white-washed and retiled in anticipation of the American visit. At the start of the meet, spectators clapped their hands to the martial music of the German People's Police Band but they offered only muted cheers during the races, watching instead in the respectful manner of medical students observing open-heart surgery. "It's a different type of fan here," Goodell said after his world record. "They obviously appreciate swimming, but they're kind of quiet."

One could not have accused Goodell's compatriots of being overly silent. The U.S. team had competed the week before at the AAU championships in Mission Viejo, Calif., where the shallow—hence turbulent—pool had slowed them down. After a 13-hour flight the Americans arrived Tuesday night in Berlin. They were whisked through Checkpoint Charlie by bus and began working out at the Friesen pool, which is more than seven feet deep—almost twice the depth of the Mission Viejo pool. The U.S. squad promptly pronounced the pool "fast."

The Americans remained enthusiastic even in the face of arctic blasts that issued from the air-conditioning ducts in the private room where they took their meals in the 37-story Hotel Stadt Berlin. Carolyn Finerman, the women's chaplain, said that the room seemed to be about the same temperature as the walk-in refrigerator in the Carvel ice cream shop she and her husband once ran in

New York. But it was not until the third day that the U.S. swimmers, some of whom had been dining in parkas, prevailed upon their hosts to turn down the accursed air. By then, the team had eight fresh colds; fortunately, most of them cleared up by the weekend.

One possible reason for the delayed request was the U.S. team's preoccupation with keeping its women swimmers in a proper frame of mind to face the awesome East Germans. The G.D.R. women won 11 of 13 events at Montreal and many American coaches have attributed their prowess at least partly to weight training, which American women once avoided for fear it would make them too bulky. The new breed of U.S. women swimmers (only five Olympians were on the American squad) almost all lift weights, and they either are willing to risk a little brawn or somehow manage to remain as rail-thin as Tracy Caulkins, the 14-year-old strong bean who does 45 minutes of weight work three times a week and who broke three American records at Mission Viejo. "Tare," as friends call her ("It's Tracy spelled sideways," she says) had previously seen East German swimmers only on TV, and she said, "I've heard they're big and strong and masculine-like." That was before she got a look at them in Berlin. On the eve of the big meet, sitting in Coach Frank Keefe's hotel room, she said, "Hey, those girls aren't so big."

Keefe nodded and replied, "That's right, Tracy, and tomorrow you're going to beat them."

Next day Tracy did as she was told. Two entrants from each country were allowed in each event and Caulkins and 15-year-old Nancy Hogshead stunned the East Germans in the competition's second race for women, the 200 butterfly. Caulkins won in 2:12.43, overtaking Hogshead in the stretch. Both touched ahead of the G.D.R.'s Andrea Pollack, a gold medalist at Montreal, and Anett Ficbig, the European champion. Caulkins later broke her week-old American records in the 100 breaststroke (1:28.98) and in the 200 individual medley (2:18.55), but finished behind G.D.R. women in both events. The only other American girl to win was 15-year-old Alice Browne, who took the 800 over Petru Thimer,



After little sleep and without a warmup swim, Bottom knocked Mark Spitz out of the record book with a 54.18 clocking in the 100 butterfly at Berlin

the gold medalist in the 400 and 800 at Montreal. Browne's time was 8:36.62, an American record but $1\frac{1}{2}$ seconds off Thümer's world record.

In all, the U.S. women broke six American records, but for the most part, they were no match for the East Germans, who went one-two in six events. The G.D.R. women worked out to amplified rock music ("It keeps them happy," said Coach Horst Kleeefeld) and got a world record from veteran Ulrike Tauber, who won the 200 individual medley in 2:15.85, lowering her own record for the second time in a week. But the show-stealer was 15-year-old newcomer Christiane Knacke, a Berliner with pored ears and a powerhouse stroke that carried her to a world record in the 100 butterfly. Her 59.78 clocking was 35 below the record of retired countrywoman Kornelia Ender.

At least the U.S. women fared no worse than the G.D.R. men. Gregor Arnacke twice touched out American Rick Hofstetter to win the 100 and 200 breaststroke. Despite his mediocre times (1:04.88 and 2:21.84), Arnacke's victories aroused the decorous home folks to something resembling fervor. But that was pretty much it for the G.D.R. men.

The U.S. men went one-two in seven

events and some of them clearly regarded the competition as little more than a tune-up for the dual meet this weekend in Leningrad against the fast-improving Soviets. Goodell, for example, won the 400 freestyle in 3:51.56, trimming .37 off his world record, even though he was unchallenged most of the way; and then he took the 1,500 in an eased-up 15:27.99. That was more than 25 seconds over his world record of 15:02.4 and Goodell admitted to saving himself for an expected duel with Russia's Vladimir Salnikov.

"I started to taper my training for the Nationals last week and I'm just beginning to peak," Goodell said. "It should be really good next week."

As one of the oldest members of the men's team—he is 22—Joe Bottom was probably wise not to save himself. The easygoing 6' 4½" Bottom has long been one of swimming's brightest performers but he began to break records in a big way only at this year's NCAA meet in Cleveland. There, rounding out his collegiate career for Southern Cal, he eclipsed Spitz' five-year-old American record in the 100-yard butterfly, while also becoming the first man to go under 20 seconds in the 50-yard free.

Still, there seemed little chance that Bottom could break the world record in

the metric version of the 100 fly—not in Berlin, anyway. The night before the swim he tossed and turned and had to take a sleeping pill. Then he overslept the next day, missing his usual pre-race warmup swim. "I wasn't as prepared as I would have liked," he said. "I was a little rushed."

He was still rushing when he hit the water. In an outside lane, Bottom moved as far as he could from Pyttel, who was in the lane next to him, "to avoid turbulence," he later explained. He had the race wrapped up by the turn and the only question remaining was whether he could get the record.

He got it with a lunge to the wall that made it clear he had been going for it all along. It was the last of Spitz' world records to fall, a milestone that had U.S. breaststroker Jeff Freeman hollering happily on the pool deck. "Spitz is gone. He is no more."

It seemed an odd thing to say about somebody who was right there at pool-side—and who warmly congratulated Bottom. But Freeman was right. As far as the record book is concerned, Mark Spitz is no more. Joe Bottom, co-captain of the touring U.S. swim team, did away with him in Berlin with a world record that indeed was very conspicuous.

END

IT TURNED INTO A ROYAL OCCASION

With four teams bunched tightly at the top, the American League West was in the midst of its hottest race ever. But as last week's games showed, the heat could be off Kansas City if the pretenders don't find a way to dethrone the defending champs

The first half of the season in the American League West belonged to those economy-model teams from Chicago and Minnesota, but in recent weeks two clubs—Kansas City and Texas—that were expected to be near the top all along have moved into the battle. During a five-day stretch in mid-August, each of the four teams was in first place at one time or another, and as the leaders headed into last weekend's action every game became important. St. Joe Jares (White Sox), Larry Keith (Rangers), Peter Gammons (Twins) and Jim Kaplan (Royals) dogged the contenders as they prepared to enter their stretch drives. Their reports:

THURSDAY

ROYALS

"Who gets the gong?" is the name of a Royal ritual. After each Kansas City win Equipment Manager Al Zych hangs a gold gong in the locker of the player who made the most conspicuous blunder. Of late it has been difficult to find gongees. The Royals have tied a team record—and moved from fourth to first—with eight straight wins. They are getting power—their 110 homers are exactly twice as many as they had at this time last season—and superb relief pitching. The latest bullpen hero is palmballer Doug Bird, who has two wins and six saves in his last 10 outings.

"Am I going to pitch tonight?" Bird asks Manager Whitey Herzog. "Having a hell of a week. Maybe to some right-handed batters?" Herzog shrugs. "Perhaps in the ninth," he says. Sure enough, Bird faces Milwaukee's Jim Wynn, who is the potential winning run, with the bases loaded and two outs in the ninth. Bird induces him to hit a ground ball, and KC beats the Brewers 9-6.

The gong? It goes to starter and winner Paul Splittorff, who pitched seven innings. "I guess I was supposed to go nine," he says.

WHITE SOX

"Darndest team I ever saw" is how Tex-

as Manager Billy Hunter has described the White Sox. "They give you five outs an inning about three times a game, and then they hit so well that it doesn't do you much good." Not only have the Chicago fielders been fumble-fingered, but the pitching has also given up more earned runs than any non-expansion staff in the league. Tonight in Baltimore it is their pitching that the White Sox hitters have to overcome.

Left-hander Ken Kravec, 0-4 for August, gives up 12 hits and four runs in 4½ innings, but the Sox are rescued by some Scandinavian sock from two players: owner Bill Veeck picked up cheap, Third Baseman Eric Soderholm (a \$50,000 free agent of Swedish descent) hits a home run in the second, and strapping Outfielder Wayne Nordhagen (a 29-year-old Norwegian obtained in a minor league trade) drives in four runs with the first and second homers of his brief major league career. Chicago wins 6-4 and moves into second place.

Surrounded by reporters in the locker room, Nordhagen savors the attention.

"Many times I thought of quitting," he says, "but I kept having good years. I never doubted that I could hit major league pitching. I thought Triple A pitching was tougher because of poorer playing conditions."

There was one other surprise in the game. With newly acquired Don Kessinger at second in place of Jorge Orta, Chicago turns three double plays, a minor miracle.

TWINS

The Twins' hus ride from the New York Sheraton to Yankee Stadium is devoted to sightseeing. The players check out Madison Avenue ladies and the 125th Street carnival. As they ride past a softball game on a playground near 140th Street, someone yells over the loud blare of a Chuck Mangione tape, "Don't slow down, Bossie, or Calvin'll get out and sign one of those guys."



In the 9-6 victory that extended the Kansas City Royals' club record winning streak. Catcher John

Minnesota's players are proud of being in contention and of being members of owner Calvin Griffith's recycling center. Except for Rod Carew, this is largely a team of the very young, of veterans who have spent too much time in Triple A and of releasees named Thorndog and Scrump whose signings cost Griffith about \$1.75. "I'm surprised how little tension this team feels right now," says Second Baseman Bobby Randall, himself retrieved last year at age 29 from the Dodger system. "It just feels like the same game we've played all our lives."

But after the night's 6-4 loss to the Yankees, Manager Gene Mauch paces around his office, rubbing out one cigarette after another, shredding a pile of papers on his desk. "I'd give \$10,000 for that run, and it was ours dammit," he says, referring to a fifth-inning fun-interference call on which Mauch felt the umpires should have allowed Larry Hyde, who had been running on the pitch, to advance to home plate. It had been a game during which the Twins had three rallied to tie, had left 12 runners on base and had lost in the eighth.

As Mauch vesicles, the clubhouse is silent. On the bus to Newark Airport not even Chuck Mangione is heard, and on the plane to Boston the beer is consumed

in nervous sips. But Mauch, with his theatrics, has taken some of the heat off his players, who have just lost two games to the Yankees and now face the perils of playing in Boston. He knows these are just the sort of games his players have not been playing in all their lives.

RANGERS

Six flags have flown over Texas, but none of them has been the American League pennant. The Rangers think they can change that. Since June 27, when the team set a major league record by making Billy Hunter its fourth manager of the year, it has won 37 of 56 games. Two weeks ago the Rangers even took the division lead for a day. During his 13 seasons as a Baltimore coach, Hunter turned down five managerships while waiting for his two sons to grow up. As soon as he arrived in Texas he invigorated the talented but moldering Rangers by conducting a series of "mini-spring training" sessions to reemphasize fundamentals.

Like Hunter, most of the Ranger players were developed in more successful organizations—14 were on division winners elsewhere. But not everyone is a Texas Stranger. Among the home-grown are First Baseman Mike Hargrove, the Rangers' top hitter (.310), and Catcher

Jim Sundberg, who has raised his average from .222 to .303 and tripled his RBI total since Hunter took over.

There is plenty of hitting tonight but Texas loses to Boston 9-6 when the relief pitching sours in the seventh. Hargrove has a chance to tie the game in the eighth but takes a third strike that creates a furor and leads to the ejection of Hunter and two bench jockeys. Says Hunter, "The pitch to Mike would have been a strike only in a bowling alley."

	W	L	GB
KANSAS CITY	73	51	—
CHICAGO	70	54	3
TEXAS	71	55	3
MINNESOTA	72	56	3

ROYALS

A ballplayer's hassles never end. "A guy with an accent calls me up this morning," Pitcher Jim Colborn says on the bus to Baltimore's Memorial Stadium. "You want some action?" he asks me. "Colborn's teammates crack up." "No," I say. "I don't want any action."

At Memorial Stadium the grass is lush, the wind gentle and the temperature 77.

continued



Walton cut off a run by laying a sweep tag on Brewer Sal Bando. Like other Royals opponents of late, Bando was left hopping mad.



Jumping Yimminy, the Orioles were done in by the Scandinavian Sox. Soderholm (top), Nordhagen



It is the perfect setting for Friday night baseball, and the Royals and Orioles play a near-perfect game. There is a beautiful pitching duel between Jim Palmer and Dennis Leonard, superb fielding all around and even an instance of one of baseball's most enduring clichés coming to life. "Hey, isn't it odd how often the guy who makes a great play in the field leads off the next inning?" is the bromide in this case. Leftfielder Hal McRae throws out Oriole Mark Belanger at the plate to end the second, and then he opens the third with a homer. That ties the score at 2-2. A few batters later another run—the game's last—scores on a double-play grounder by John Mayberry. The run has been inconspicuously set up by the second of three singles by Al Cowens, the bespectacled rightfielder who has displaced Mayberry and Amos Otis in the cleanup spot. Leonard (14-10) retires 20 of the last 21 batters he faces for his 10th victory in his last 12 decisions. In all, the Royals' 10th straight win sends the crowd of 21,511 home frustrated but entertained. They have seen plenty of actions.

WHITE SOX

Despite an afternoon downpour that left the field soggy, 28,221 fans showed up at Comiskey Park to welcome the White Sox home for the start of a three-game series with Milwaukee. Though the Sox have blown a division lead that was once 6½ games, their fans seem delightfully happy that this band of low-paid no-names is still in contention as Labor Day approaches.

Because the Brewers start righthander Moose Haas, Chicago Manager Bob Lemon benches last night's hero, Nordhagen, in favor of left-handed Oscar Gamble, who has hit a home run every 12.1 times up this season. He belts his 26th in the first, doubles in the third, singles in the seventh and drives in three runs. Nordhagen pinch-hits in the eighth and doubles home Chicago's final run in a 4-2 win.

Astoundingly, the White Sox get three more double plays and six innings of good pitching from Steve Renko. "Our hitting up to about a week ago was carrying us," says Lemon. "Now we're getting the pitching, but we're not scoring our eight runs a game. We haven't played a lot of pretty ball games but we're winning." Unfortunately, for the Chicago fans, so are the Royals.

TWINS

Mauch holds a meeting at 6, 15 minutes before the start of batting practice and 2½ hours after Carew, 0 for 5 the previous night, had finished a special session in the batting cage. Mauch says he wants to talk about "priorities" and the pennant race. "I don't worry about these guys," he says, even though the Twins are now five games behind the Royals in the loss column. "They've got resiliency. We were 15½ back of Kansas City at this time last season and finished five out. We might have won had the season been two weeks longer. A couple of losses or a few games in the loss column now don't mean much. Right now, if they win, players say it was a must game. If they lose, they talk about tomorrow."

After the Red Sox score three runs in the seventh to tie the game at 4-4, the Twins come back for a 6-4 victory. Carew leads off the eighth, picking a near-perfect pitch from Boston's Rick Kreuger off his shoetops and drilling a double down the left-field line. He scores the clincher on Lyman Bostock's single. Tom Johnson, who had been chilled by four straight frozen ropes the previous night, relieves in the seventh and breezes to his 14th win. In striking contrast to the night before, music blares through the clubhouse. "Resiliency," Mauch says again, leaning back at his desk and sipping a VO and water. "That's a big thing in a race like this. I think this club has it. At least I hope so."

RANGERS

Minutes before the start of a three-game series with New York, Hunter tries to rally his team. "All right now, three in a row," he says. "We owe it to them. They embarrassed us in our place last week. Now let's pay them back."

Instead of making New York pay for the three-game sweep in Texas, the Rangers stage a giveaway for the second night in a row, blowing a lead in the late innings and losing 6-5. Two mistakes are critical—an error by rookie Second Baseman Bump Wills on a double-play ball in the seventh and a missed sign by pinch hitter Curt Bevacqua in the ninth. One mistake leads to two unearned runs; the other turns Juan Beniquez into an easy out at second when Bevacqua fails to execute his role in the hit-and-run.

Hunter explodes in the clubhouse, and when he joins plastic pipe mangle and team owner Brad Corbett in the man-

ager's office, there is a crashing sound behind the closed door.

Meanwhile, slumping against a wall in the back of the clubhouse, Sundberg says, "We can't fall too much farther behind."

	W	L	GB
KANSAS CITY	74	51	—
CHICAGO	71	54	3
MINNESOTA	73	56	3
TEXAS	71	58	4

SATURDAY

ROYALS

George Brett stands in the locker room, expounding on leadership. "We don't need a team leader because everyone gets along," he says.

"The only problem," says Hal McRae, "is Brett."

"You'll be the problem when I beat you in homers," Brett answers.

Their bickering is nothing more than clubhouse jargon of the sort pennant winners seem to specialize in. Brett, McRae and the rest of the Royals do indeed get along. And on this happy team, 20 of whose members have signed long-term contracts, Brett and McRae are as invaluable leaders in the locker room as they are on the field. Brett had a hand in acquiring the now-famous gong, and McRae is a celebrated—and merciless—kicker.

Brett and McRae are not competing for the hitting title as they did in 1976, but they are doing everything else well. Brett has hit 16 homers—compared to six at this time last season—and he has struck out only 19 times in 436 at bats. McRae's homers are up from eight to 17, and he is among the league leaders in five offensive categories. "As they go, so goes the team," says General Manager Joe Burke.

Tonight the leaders go, but not one follows. Brett and McRae reach base seven times in 10 trips to the plate, yet the Orioles win 4-2. The rest of the Royals, including Herzog, who is outmaneuvered by Baltimore's Earl Weaver, deserve to get the gong. Fortunately for them, it isn't handed out after defeats.

WHITE SOX

Regardless of how the White Sox finish, Comiskey Park's Nancy Faust is a sure bet to be the American League's MVO (Most Valuable Organist). When the Sox



Dave May's head first slide typifies the vigorous style of the Rangers under new manager Hunter.

do something good—or even threaten to—she plays the tune from an old rock hit, *Kiss Him Goodbye*. Nowadays that immediately provokes a boisterous sing-along by Chicago fans, who chant the song's nonsense lyrics, "Na, na, na, na! Na, na, na, na! Hey, hey! Goodbye!"

"If the White Sox win it," says Chicago columnist Bill Gleason, "Nancy'll be the only organist ever voted a full Series share."

There is a lot of singing tonight as the Sox keep coming from behind. Their third rally beats Milwaukee 7-6. Designated Hitter Lamar Johnson, a former high school defensive end from Birmingham who looks like he could tear apart the SEC, extends his hitting streak to 11 games with a double and a homer. Chet Lemon wins it in the eighth with a three-run homer. Hey, hey! Goodbye!

RANGERS

Texas is swinging too well to take one of Corbett's plastic pipes just now. Hargrave begins the afternoon at Yankee Stadium by hitting his fifth leadoff homer in the last 18 games. Three innings later Wills, who already has an RBI single, puts one in the upper deck. In the fifth Shortstop Bert Campaneris pops a homer barely fair and barely over the right-field fence.

Now it is the seventh. After singles by Willie Horton and Dave May, Third Baseman Toby Harrah hits a liner toward

right. Rightfielder Lou Piniella smacks the wall—and so does the ball. Piniella goes down in a heap, and Harrah goes around the bases. After the obligatory hand slaps, Wills sends the next pitch toward deep center field. Mickey Rivers does a run dance, the ball glances off his glove and Wills touches every base, too. It is only the second time that consecutive inside-the-park home runs have been hit in the majors.

The five homers in the game are a Ranger record and give Berti Blyleven a six-hit, 8-2 victory. After Wills flies deep to center in the seventh, his teammates ask him where he ate last night, because there must have been something in the food that brought on this outburst of raw power. Obviously, Bump did not inherit it from his old man, Maury. Wills tells them: The Good Times Restaurant.

Hunter is having a good time, too. In his office after the game, he takes off his shoes, puts up his feet, opens a beer and declares this "a very lovely day."

TWINS

It is on afternoons like this, when the sun pours down and the wind whips out of Fenway Park, that visiting teams find out why Red Sox scouts are always on the lookout for right-handed hitters who can get the ball up in the air. Four Boston righties homer, and the Sox beat the Twins 7-5. Two of the clowns—not to mention a double good for two other

continued

runs—are Fenway wind jobs. With two runners in scoring position in both the eighth and ninth innings, Minnesota's league-leading (102) RBI man Hise crushes the ball but he fails to put air on his shot. His two smoking liners disappear into the gloves of Boston outfielders.

Hise sits and stares into his locker for more than half an hour after the game. Ron Schueler, the pitcher who gave up two of the wind-aided homers, sucks on a beer, gets up and slam-dunks the empty can into a barrel. For 25 minutes Mauch stalks the clubhouse. "I really thought we'd score big today," he says. "Real big." He puts out a cigarette, walks out the door and across the hall, then immediately reappears. "Oh, hell, someday the wind'll be blowing in, and we'll be hitting line drives."

Mauch had used a lineup that looked as if it had been drawn up by a third-grader from Pelican Rapids. Missing were Lyman Bostock, who had a nine-game

hitting streak going, and four others who had started the night before. Hise hit cleanup after having led off the two previous games. But Mauch has used about 100 lineups, with Hise, Bostock and Busch Wynegar all batting in every position from first to seventh. "I thought this lineup would hit Bill Lee," he says. In a way he was right. The Twins hit Lee and Reliever Jim Willoughby hard enough—but not high enough.

Clearly there is an ill wind blowing for Minnesota. When the day's games are finished, the Twins find themselves in fourth place.

	W	L	GB
KANSAS CITY	74	82	—
CHICAGO	72	84	8
TEXAS	78	88	3
MINNESOTA	73	87	3

SUNDAY

ROYALS

Watching football on TV last night, Herzog could not get a grim baseball thought off his mind: "If Mayberry and Otis were only carrying their load..."

Had Herzog completed the sentence, he would have said something on the order of "We'd be 10 games in front." Like Brett and McRae, Mayberry and Otis were asked to pull the ball more this year. Unlike Brett and McRae, they have largely failed to hit. Two seasons ago they were a Royal one-two punch. Last year Mayberry slumped from .291 to .232, and Otis was hit on the head by a pitch delivered by Stan Bahnsen. This season Mayberry has increased his homer output from 13 to 20, but his average is again in the .230s. His teammates win in sympathy as he lunges at pitches and lifts his head while swinging. Herzog seems convinced that Otis is gun-shy because of the beating, and he often benches his centerfielder against hard throwers Jim Palmer, Dennis Eckersley, Nolan Ryan and Bert Blyleven. Otis is batting only .255 against the pitchers he does face. "I think I can still hit Palmer and the others," he says, "but Whitey's the boss. It wouldn't hurt if I were 35, but I'm 30." Nonetheless, in the judgment of some American Leagueers, Otis is only too happy to sit down against the big heat.

But he can play in big heat. On this 91° afternoon, Otis walks twice, singles

and scores on John Wathan's homer. Andy Hassler and Bird five-hit the Orioles. After the 5-0 win, the Royals feast on hard-shell crabs. It has been a weekend worth celebrating.

WHITE SOX

"We made two mistakes," says Vecek. "We showed up for the game and didn't pray hard enough for rain."

Sitting morosely in the press box waiting for the final Minnesota-Boston score to come in, Vecek is in his uniform of dark slacks and short-sleeved, open-collared white shirt. Usually he gets up and paces when a game gets down to the final outs, but there is no need for that today. Nor is there much for the 42,426 fans to Hey, hey! about.

The weather is August-in-Chicago humid, the wind swirls paper bags and hot-dog wrappers around the field like tumbleweeds, and the Brewers go on a rampage right from the first inning, bashing Sox pitching for 16 hits in a 10-1 romp.

Rookie righthander Larry Sorensen, who has developed into a steady starter for Milwaukee after beginning the season by getting blitzed in Triple A, holds Chicago to six hits. Vecek is wrong. The Sox make a lot more than two mistakes. The Royals are winning still. But now Chicago isn't.

RANGERS

First impressions can be deceiving. After tripling against Yankee Pitcher Ron Guidry in the first inning, Sundberg tells Hunter that the lefthander is not throwing as well today as he did last week. Wrong. Guidry is pitching better. Sundberg's triple and Bert Campaneris' single in the seventh are the only hits the Rangers get, and they lose 1-0.

Hunter does not consider it a coincidence that a black cat appears in the dugout midway through the game, especially when he sees how the Yankees score their run. With one out in the sixth, Graig Nettles lifts a ball toward right center. Rightfielder Tom Grieve backs to the wall and is prepared to make the catch when Centerfielder Beniquez streaks in front of him and leaps. The ball glances off Beniquez' glove, and Nettles winds up at third. One out later, Reggie Jackson loops Dock Ellis' 3-0 pitch off his fists and into short center to drive in the game's sole run. It is only the fifth

continued



Hobson's high drive left Twin Dave Johnson low



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As disappointing as the loss is to the Rangers, there is an even more troubling fact. The weekend is over, the season is four games closer to the end, and the Rangers are two games farther from first place than they were Thursday morning.

TWINS

"Don't let anyone in here," Twins Equipment Manager Ray Crump booms at Clubhouse Guard Bob Sharkey as the Minnesota players file up the tunnel and into the locker room. After a 20-minute wait the writers are allowed into the clubhouse, where they find Mauch's office door half-closed. Behind it is a pile of shattered glass. "We've got to get home and get turned around," he says, dressing quickly to get the bus to the airport for the flight to the Twin Cities. "It's there for us to win for ourselves. If we are a championship club, then we'll beat the other three contenders in the next month. But we can't get too far behind."

In two series in New York and Boston, the Twins have gone 1-4 and dropped three games in the standings. This afternoon they started out playing like the 140th Street playground team. Then they rallied from a 4-1 deficit to lead the Red Sox 5-4, only to lose 6-5 on Carl Yastrzemski's single and a save by former Twin Bill Campbell. He got Carew to fly out and Bostock to strike out to end the game.

A few players pick over the spread of fried chicken and hamburgers in the clubhouse after the doors are opened. One even manages a half-hearted joke. No one laughs.

Carew is one of the last to come out of the shower. Pulling on a pair of bikini briefs that have BASEBALL'S BEST imprinted on them, he says, "I don't care that I got two hats yesterday and today, because two days in a row I've gone out in the middle of ninth-inning rallies. I'm down, and I'm tired. Dead tired. My hands are slow, and I really hate these days when it's 21°." I tried to go to the movies last night and relax. I couldn't. It's been a long trip."

	W	L	GB
KANSAS CITY	75	52	—
CHICAGO	72	55	3
TEXAS	72	57	4
MINNESOTA	73	58	4

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Fewer Is Finer Except for Some Flaws

*The mythical coach is back, and now
he likes the new scholarship cutdown.
What bothers him are the non-scholars*

by John Underwood

The Coach said he knew I'd be dropping by because, although the weather was good, his knee was acting up and his sinuses had filled. Accordingly, he said, he had canceled his dentist appointment and moved his golf game back an hour. Swinging a wooden-shafted putter, he led the way to a canopied patio and motioned for me to take a chair opposite the one with the ottoman, which I knew to be his favorite. I remarked that making all the big pro-ams had improved his tan. He massaged the head of the putter against the leg of his Pierre Cardin slacks and ignored my gratuity.

"We are into a renaissance, Scribe," he said without preamble, hovering over me but keeping his eyes on the putter, which he hefted in a manner befitting a five handicap. "College football has experienced a breakthrough. A bright new era dawns, maybe the brightest. Not only is the game on the field a joy to behold, but enlightenment has come to its administration. The 30-95 scholarship rule [a maximum of 30 athletic scholarships to be granted per school per year, with no more than 95 scholarship athletes on campus in a given year] works. The eight-assistant-coach limit works. Costs are down and competition is up.

Parity is being achieved despite the grieving conservatives."

He winked knowingly, having been one himself.

"What is more," he continued, "the subdivision of Division I is less than a year away. You can bet on it. When the NCAA meets in January, the brothers will divide the 144 institutions in Division I into I-A and I-AA. The 75 or so big-football schools that have been threatening a pullout will get their way within the system. The lions will no longer lie down with the lambs. Michigan will go its way, Marshall us."

He hunched over an imaginary ball, lining up a putt, stroked it confidently and watched it fall into an imaginary hole. When he turned to face me, his steel-blue eyes had narrowed.

"But if you had been listening to me all these years, you would have absorbed enough to know those things. I assume you are here looking for the fly in the ointment. Well, the fly is there, all right, Scribe. The cheating is worse than ever."

His putter head dropped heavily onto his Astroturf carpet, making a thudding noise. I flinched.

"The worst kind of cheating. Academic cheating. Exploiting every well-intend-



ed loophole, every regulation that never got written. Marginal morons are getting football scholarships today, and nobody seems to be outraged."

His voice was rising. He began to pace. I watched uneasily as he brandished the putter.

"I don't know what the figures are, but I daresay the percentage of star half-backs who would break into a cold sweat at the mere prospect of having to write a simple declarative sentence is staggering. And you want to hear something really ironic? The colleges are as much the victims of this travesty as they are the perpetrators. The shameful process begins beneath the college level. High schools cheat. Junior colleges cheat.

"Is something wrong with your jaw, Scribe? You seem to have lost control."

I closed my mouth. "I don't mean to interrupt your answers with a lot of questions, Coach," I said, "but I'm not sure I follow all this."

The Coach stroked in another 10-footer and sat on the edge of the ottoman, resting the putter between his legs.

"I will go slower, Scribe. At what point did you leave the trail?"

"Well, to begin with, last year this time you weren't so high on the 30-95. The 30-

a-year was fine, but four times 30 still doesn't equal 95."

"I think 95 is an arbitrary figure," he said, "and that 105 would be a more realistic one. Part of my concern, however, was out of my own conditioning. I remembered with horror the days when some colleges had designated hatchet-men whose mission was to make life so miserable for the lesser athletes that they'd quit. I saw that coming again. Now I'm not so sure. Being limited to 30, a coach has to recruit selectively. He can't be sloppy. Ergo, he should never have more than a couple players who can't hack the competition.

"Attrition will take care of some others, of course. Boys being boys, 10 or so will quit, flunk out or run off with a belly dancer. By the end of this year we'll see how much 'firing' is done, and then maybe an adjustment can be made.

"As far as I know, only two conferences have had trouble getting down to the 95 this season—the Big Eight and the SEC—which figures, because those two have always gone in for volume recruiting. In the SEC only Alabama had to give pink slips. Nine of 'em. Each was tempered by a heartfelt letter of apology from Bear Bryant. Bear did the honor-

able thing. He got the nine fixed up with academic scholarships, a guaranteed education apart from football. Notre Dame did the same. Poetic justice. The Notre Dames and the Alabamas can afford to pay for their mistakes.

"It remains to be seen how the other schools will handle it. I think the best and simplest way is just to shut off the spigot when you reach 95. There's nothing in the rule that says you have to take 30 boys a year. But that might strike some of the brethren as too radical."

He chuckled. "For sure the 30-95 accomplished an overnight miracle. The main idea was to cut costs, but the greater effect was to parcel around the talent. All of a sudden there was the sound of giants crashing. In one week alone last year, Alabama, Arizona State, Notre Dame, USC and Texas were beaten and Nebraska was tied. Nothing like that ever happened before in my memory."

"But some coaches think the opposite might result," I objected. "Johnny Majors says he'd never have turned Pitt around so quickly without bringing in 70 players that first year."

"Of course, Johnny was trying for a quick fall. But don't let him kid you. He'll win under any conditions, and he'll learn

continued



"Yet, I can sympathize with Switzer. The Oklahoma alumni are spoiled and can't understand it when he's not 11 and 0. But what's wrong with other schools filling their stadiums and going to bowl games?"

"What does all this have to do with cheating?"

"Nothing and everything. Do you want to get into that?"

"I don't understand all these loopholes you're talking about, or what the high schools and junior colleges have to do with it."

"Neither does the NCAA. Its commit-

ment is to educate, they graduate. I was talking with one of the NCAA investigators the other day. He said it's a swampland. He said there is an all-too-familiar pattern. The requirement for a football scholarship is a 2.0—a C average through high school. A school finds out a college coach is interested in a boy. The boy reads at a fourth-grade level. The boy suddenly becomes an A student.

"You can't trust transcripts anymore. You have to accept them, what choice do you have? But some of them make better fiction than *Gone With the Wind*. The NCAA has a case on file of a New York athlete who showed three different transcripts—three different sets of grades. High schools recognize the miserable job they're doing so they 'help a kid out' by shoving him into college. Let Woody and Bo teach him to read."

"Why doesn't the NCAA do something about it?" I asked, exercised by the Coach's word picture.

"They can't. For one thing, it's a matter of jurisdiction. They can't police the colleges and the high schools and the junior colleges. They're not the CIA. As it stands, the NCAA doesn't even have la-

Fewer Is Finer continued

to live with these. In the end everybody will benefit. Volume recruiting perpetuates the caste system. A big-budget school with a big staff recruited year-round, hither and yon, nationwide. When pickings were good, they loaded up the freezer with prime meat. Their redshirts were better than most teams. It's natural that those who have had that kind of leverage would not want to lose it.

"I knew something significant was happening along those lines about mid-season last year when Barry Switzer of Oklahoma started complaining about the seven or eight boys who got away to Tulsa, helping that program off the ground. Barry said there wasn't a great team in the Big Eight because of the new rules. What old Barry meant was he no longer could be sure of beating Iowa State 45-0.

tee on infractions would rather catch a boy with his hand in the till any day. Cars they understand. Cash money they understand. Unfortunately, or fortunately, that kind of cheating is on the way out. Too much heat from the enforcement agents, for one thing. But this other stuff is a cancer because it goes right to the heart of the educational process. And to the educators themselves."

"But how do high schools . . . ?"

"It starts there, and if nothing else it's an indictment of the current state of public education in the country. High schools



bels to cover most of the problems, much less statutes. The junior-college program grew like Topsy and was left to its own standards and admission policies—and its own integrity. It thus became a Garden of Eden for system-breakers and scholarship goons. Some JCs are no more than barber colleges."

"But they're supposed to help a slow starter on the way, or the kid who can't afford a major college," I said. "What do you expect, Yale?"

"No, but I expect some fidelity in scholastic mission and standards. Listen, where do you suppose the biggest and best JC system is in this country? Where does a keen-eyed football coach go if he wants to round up six or eight prospects in a hurry?"

"California."

"Right. And do you know what is required to enroll in a California junior college? Start with the ability to tie your shoes, and you don't have to go much further. A boy doesn't even have to be a high school graduate."

"Now, once in, a boy has to maintain certain grade points. But the NCAA does not monitor these standards or check a boy's progress; they don't have the funds. They rely on the integrity of the JCs."

"But where does the NCAA . . . ?"

The Coach held up his putter in a restraining (if not menacing) position.

"Listen, Scribe. In a minute or two you and I are walking out that door and across the road to the club for 18 holes of highly competitive relaxation. In the meantime, let me finish this course without having to go down any more side streets. The NCAA won't do anything because they can't do anything. They can't even come to grips with their own academic malfeasance, and without uniform standards for progress, and without first plugging up their own obvious academic ratholes, the coaches themselves don't realize what's happening until they

wake up one morning with half their squads in remedial-reading courses."

"Hold on," I cried. "What malfeasance? The NCAA has more investigative power than ever and has shown more diligence than ever in catching the outlaws."

The Coach sighed and slumped into the chair.

"Are you familiar with the special-admissions policy, Scribe? Or the 4% rule—or, depending, the 2%?"

"I'm not sure."

"Well, most people aren't. At the institutional level, quite separate from NCAA policies or jurisdiction, an individual school can, if it wants, drop the admission barriers for 'exceptional and unusual cases,' as long as that loosely defined number does not exceed the prescribed percentage of the total enrollment. In California it's 4%, and I believe it all started there. The idea—a good one, I suppose—was to relax the barriers a little for a kid who could draw or play a bassoon but couldn't multiply."

"The practice is now fairly widespread. And with it the abuses. Any coach bent on circumvention finds this loophole. All the athlete has to do, in most cases, is sit out a year of eligibility while special tutors—some schools call 'em 'brain coaches'—fill his mediocre mind with enough knowledge to get him through with a high D average. You can shave an ape and do the same with enough tutoring. Some of this kind of thing is justified, of course, and defensible. Why, even the Ivy League admits its share of 'exceptional cases'—who happen to be able to run back punts."

"The program becomes a joke when you start looking into individual school numbers for that portion of the 2% or 4% who are scholarship athletes. The NCAA investigated one school in the Southwest and found a real laugh: half the special admissions were scholarship athletes."

"What did they do about it?" I asked, subdued.

"Nothing. They backed off. It was a dead end."

"You make it sound bleak."

"It doesn't have to be. This is a phenomenon, but not a momentary one. Now is the time to recognize the flaws in the blueprint. Rip out some wires. Change the plumbing. Set standards and

get with 'em. Make a hell for the cheaters, and intimidate the tempted."

He was up, with the putter slung over one shoulder.

"A kid gets caught with an altered transcript, ban him for life. He sure as heck knows his own grades. If he doesn't, he's really illiterate and should be banned anyway. If the coach had a hand in it, ban him, too. If the high school was guilty, put the school on probation. Spend some of those TV millions Walter Byers is hoarding at NCAA headquarters in Kansas City and make a study of junior-college requirements, and their curricula. Eliminate from qualification the ones that don't measure up. I don't mind the idea of farming out talent to let it mature, but to farm it out to circumvent grade requirements is a sin."

"And if you're going to admit a few exceptional cases, make the percentage who are athletes exactly the same as the school's allowable percentage—in other words, if you have a 2% rule, only 2% of the 2% should be athletes."

"Sounds tough."

"You're right—and that's why nobody will do it. We don't stand for anything anymore, so we fall for everything. One of my coaching friends tried to feed me some of that new wave thinking the other day. I bring it up only to point out how pervasive mistaken advocacy can be. He is a man I respect, with a great football mind. He said, 'So what if some of our guys couldn't read at a fifth-grade level?' We gave 'em a chance and they turned out to be pretty good citizens. Isn't that better than being on welfare? That's what college football is all about."

"Like heck it is. No matter how convenient it is to forget, when the stadium is packed and the drums are pounding, we're not here to provide a haven from the cruelties of the world. We're still supposed to be universities, not the USO. The question for the year is this: On the verge of a millennium in college football, how willing are we to set it in line with the academic purpose? Rhetoric is one thing, arrogance is another."

The Coach got up, and making a circular motion with the putter as if to punctuate the conversation, turned away.

"Now, come on, Scribe. I've got clubs and shoes for you and arranged to have you in the foursome."

I closed my mouth and followed him.

CONTINUED



An autumn Saturday is not only a day for college football fans to see their teams in action, it is also a time to bend an elbow and share the day's joys—or drown its sorrows—with like-minded friends. As Artist Bernard Fuchs found on a nationwide pub crawl—and depicts on the following pages—there are taverns in every college town where unabashed rooters can hoist a few and raise the rafters without fear of contradiction. These aren't places where the atmosphere has been created by tacking up pennants and installing seats in school colors. Instead, their game-day (and night) hospitality has come about as naturally as the patina on the bar, and if the person next to you is a Lit major or never reads anything other than a parlay card, who cares? Here only football counts.

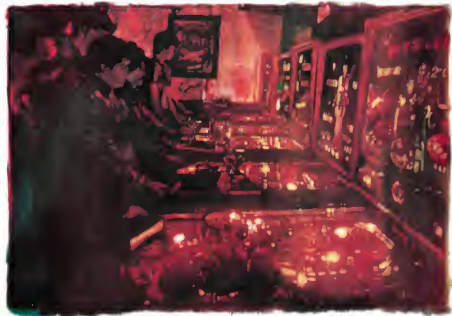
Watering Holes





After a win over Alabama, the two-story Alumni Club in South Bend overflowed with Notre Dame's happy followers.

Tennessee's 1976 season was fine for the pinball-machine business in Knoxville's Last Lap. This year, expect a Majors change





With the Georgia-Florida game on TV, partisans of both teams sit quietly absorbed at Manuel's in Atlanta. The Bulldog rooters were hollering at the final gun



Owner Jim England (foreground) and the Last Lap bartenders take five before a Tennessee kickoff



Football frenzy and Halloween go together at Larry Blaka's Rathskeller in Berkeley, Calif

The interior of the Alpine
Beer Garden near
Stanford is packed and
noisy, but in the
dappled shade out back
there's room to savor
a satisfying brew or two.



Where Football Comes to a Head

On the night before, the night after or the afternoon of a college football game in which your feelings are involved, you don't want to go to just any tavern. You want to go to one where the patrons are as caught up in the game as you are. As can be seen on the preceding pages, such watering holes come in no special form, ranging, as they do, from a rambling roadhouse like the Alpine Beer Garden near Stanford, with horses tethered out front and al fresco tables in back, to a boisterous two-story hangout like the Alumni Club of Notre Dame (the "Senior Bar"), located just across a parking lot from Notre Dame Stadium. In many ways typical of these diverse establishments is Manuel's Tavern in Atlanta.

Established in 1956, Manuel's stands in a nondescript neighborhood handy to several colleges. There is the old terrazzo-floored barroom proper, whose booths have been worn at appropriate spots by thousands of elbows; there are two newer adjoining rooms for the overflow; and there is a chamber where pinball machines flash and jangle. Throughout there is personality.

You can't really say, "If these old walls could talk . . ." about the walls in Manuel's, because they do talk. Warm inscriptions shine from photographs of Hubert Humphrey and Henry Aaron. A framed poem points out, at some length, that the

horse, the frog and various other non-milking members of the animal kingdom live much shorter lives than Man, who drinks. A sign says, IF YOU'RE DRINKING TO FORGET, PLEASE PAY IN ADVANCE. And behind the bar hangs a message from the proprietor: ANYBODY DON'T LIKE THIS LIFE IS CRAZY—MALOOF.

Manuel Maloof is a Lebanese saloonkeeper son of a Lebanese saloonkeeper. He is a diehard fan of the Georgia Tech Yellow Jackets. He is an elected De Kalb county commissioner. He is a swarthy, lumpy figure who caudex a brooding, common-man-with-more-sense-than-the-fancy-guys authority. "I guess some people just weren't born to wear teeth," he said resignedly once when the choppers he had bought to wear while campaigning on TV were bothering him. Manuel was born to run a bar, specifically the kind of bar where people from all walks get together and exchange views. On football-weekend nights, however, the activity in Manuel's is beyond discussion.

"Those are the only nights I allow singing in the place," he says. "I allow it because I can't stop it."

The carved wood bar and the find-out-your-horhythms machine and the stool made of crushed-together beer cans and the pictures of Manuel's heroes (Churchill, FDR, the Kennedys and Jimmy Carter) resound to the strains of *Rambling Wreck from Georgia Tech, Glory* (to Old Georgia) and other college songs. Not to mention college yells.

"A friend of mine named Jimmy Rogers, a steward on an oil tanker, would always get here for the Auburn-Tech game," Maloof says. "He's dead now, but no matter where his tanker was in the world, he'd make it to the game somehow, and afterwards he'd be in here yelling I never in my life heard anybody boister 'War Eagle' like him. He could hold the greatest 'War Eagle' that there ever was."

"One year the game was in the mud, and one of their boys kicked a field goal to beat us. Lord God, we was all soaking wet. We come in here, and Jimmy just assumed he could drown us all out with that yell. I just came back at him with my 'Go

Yellow Jackets!' The whole store was waiting to see who was going to stop hollering first. The only time I ever saw him put down, and I was the one who did it."

"I never went to Tech. I went to the Army instead. I guess it's something a psychologist could take apart, but when I was a kid everybody had a team, and Tech was mine, and it always will be till I die. And I don't see anything very wrong with it."

A lot of his patrons do, however. "We're primarily a Georgia place," Maloof sighs. Even Manuel's brother Robert, who sends bar, is a Georgia fan. "The worst thing is after a Tech-Georgia game when Tech loses," Manuel says. "I don't know what it is, but I can't stand for Tech to lose. If we're in here watching it on television and people start rooting against Tech, I've been known to throw 'em out. Of course, if Georgia loses, we notice a striking decline of business. We have to go and ferret out those Georgia fans."

If Tech wins the annual game, a picture of a Yellow Jacket goes up over the bar: if Georgia wins, a Bulldog. The following year, if the other team wins, its fans pull down the picture and burn it in the street. "But the best thing was when we beat a Georgia team that was headed for the Tangerine Bowl," says Manuel. "I went out and bought five dollars worth of tangerines, and as the Georgia people came in I spit the seeds at 'em."

Such occasional sweet moments aside, "The mood," Manuel says, "is the night before the game. Everybody's building up steam. And rehabbing. There was an old man who used to play for Georgia. He used to come in here and back. That's all he was ever good for, being remembered. I'm sure every bar has one like that. His name . . . Oh . . . Huh. He's dead now. I can't remember his name."

On football weekends, though, his name will be recalled in Manuel's. He and other 'Dogs, Jackets, Tigers, Gamecocks and Gators will be bouncing off the walls. And from time to time someone will hear off in the distance the greatest "War Eagle" that was ever hollered, in chorus with "Go Yellow Jackets," which was greater. —ROY BLOUNT JR.

To learn where the cheering in the bars will be most boisterous this year, turn page for scouting reports.

THE TOP 20



Notre Dame

Four years ago Notre Dame played the three military academies—Army, Navy and Air Force—beat them by a combined score of 154-25, and won a share of the national championship with an undefeated season. This year all three are again on the Fighting Irish schedule and another national championship is on the horizon. The

team is so talent-laden that even with the loss of Al Hunter, the first back in Notre Dame history to gain more than 1,000 yards (who was drafted last week by the Seattle Seahawks after being placed on disciplinary suspension), Notre Dame should go undefeated. Particularly since the Irish play a schedule that includes only two nationally ranked teams: Pittsburgh in the opener and USC on Oct. 22.

The Notre Dame defense, which ranked seventh in the country against the rush last season, remains intact. Its mainstay is 1976 Outland Award winner (as the best lineman in the country) Ross Browner, a 245-pound end who made 97 tackles last year (worth 203-minus yards) and recovered four fumbles, raising his career total to an Irish record of 10. Nor is there any weakness at the other end of the line, where 6' 3", 242-pound All-America Willie Fry sets up. Behind the front wall is a tough, mobile group of linebackers led by 240-pound Bob Golic, an All-America wrestler. The strong safety is Browner's little brother Jim (210 pounds), who was credited with 80 tackles and had two interceptions last year as a sophomore.

On offense the Irish have lost three players. Junior Rusty Lisch steps in at quarterback for Rick Slager, who graduated. In the final games of last season, after Slager was injured, Lisch engineered wins over Alabama (21-18) and Miami (40-27). Coach Don Devine also is looking forward to the recovery of Fullback Jerome Heavens, who was the leading Irish rusher two years ago (5.9 yards per carry) before suffering a knee injury. Should he not come around after missing spring practice, sophomore Vagas Ferguson, who crashed for 107 yards in the upset of Alabama, will take over. Three-time All-America Ken MacAfee returns at tight end. He averaged 14.2 yards on 34 receptions last year and at 6' 4", 253 pounds is an excellent blocker. Still, Devine plans to reduce the football's flight time this year, except when it comes off the toe of junior Joe Restic, who averaged 41.7 yards a punt in 1976. Restic, who is the son of Harvard's coach, also was All-America honorable-mention defensive back last year. He came off the bench in the second game of the season, when Randy Harrison broke his forearm, and went on to lead the Irish in interceptions (four). With Harrison back, the two will probably alternate at free safety.

With the military less than massed to stop them and with 34 lettermen (18 of them starters from a team that went 9-3 in 1976), this should be a Devine season under the Golden Dome.

Oklahoma

Considering how spoiled the folks in and around Norman have gotten in recent years, last season must have seemed almost dismal. After all, there were only nine wins for Sooner fans to boom about—the fewest in Coach Barry Switzer's four years at OU—and instead of a trip to Miami and the Orange Bowl, there was only a 41-7 wishbone-vs.-wishbone clobbering of poor Wyoming in the Fiesta Bowl.

A rash of injuries in the secondary, the necessity of starting a sophomore quarterback and the unusual absence of a superstar contributed to Oklahoma's 9-2-1 record, which included back-to-back losses to Oklahoma State (31-24) and Colorado (42-31). This dropped Switzer's record at OU to 41-3-2. Poor guy. That means he won't win No. 50 until late this season—probably in one of two year-end showdowns at home against Big Eight challengers Colorado and Nebraska.

But, rest assured, it will come. The Sooners are that strong. All they seem to be lacking from the 1974 and '75 teams, each of which was selected as a wire-service poll national champion, is a big name. Says Switzer, "There's no Leroy Selmon out there. And there darn sure ain't no Little Joe Washington around."

Nevertheless, the 1977 team may have the most overall speed in Sooner history. The offensive backfield, perennially the showcase of Switzer teams, is stocked with enough nifties and swiftness to make up for the absence of a Washington. Junior Thomas Lott, a backup quarterback for four games until starter Dean Blevins was hurt, rushed for 195 yards in a 49-20 win over Kansas State. Fullback Kenny King gained 791 yards last fall. Halfback Elvis Peacock has turned into a distance runner, reeling off an 84-yarder against Oklahoma State and a 50-yard scamper against Nebraska. The other halfback, Junior Billy Sims, gained 139 yards in 18 carries during two injury-plagued seasons. If Sims is hale, look out, America.

With this talent, Switzer is not likely to order much more passing this season than in the past. As he says, "We might be tempted to pass more often except our receivers always tip off the opposition by doing cartwheels when they come out of the huddle."

Only rugged tackle Mike Vaughan is missing from the offensive line, and nine starters are back on defense, including 6' 4", 215-pound Linebacker Daryl Hunt, who as a freshman led the team in tackles with 172. If Nose Guard Reggie Kanlaw is sound following knee surgery, the defense should be considerably stronger than it was in '76, when the Sooners gave up 33 more first downs than its fleet offense made.

Switzer & Co. will get a clue as to how good they are on Sept. 24. That is when Oklahoma plays Ohio State for the first time—in Columbus. The talk is—and not just in and around Norman—that if the Sooners win that one, they'll win them all.





Michigan

Come on now. Do you really expect to find anything startling in Ann Arbor? Michigan has the very same team that finished third in the polls last year and in the Top Ten every year since 1969, which, coincidentally, was the year Coach Bo Schembechler arrived. No new quarterbacks, running backs, linemen, kickers or cheerleaders. Some of

the guys have different names, maybe, but everyone is as factory-built as a GM car. You can safely bet your maize-and-blue nose warmer, your Michigan helmet lamp and a six-pack of Strohs that all the Wolverines will play Ohio State for the Big Ten title on Nov. 19, b1 they will go to the Rose Bowl (if they win) or the Orange Bowl (if they don't), where they will c1 lose.

Sorry, friends, but by now all of you know exactly how a Michigan season goes: nine teams get crushed by the Wolverines' peerless, passless option offense and powerhouse defense (O.K., so last year the Wolverines were upset by Purdue and this season there is Texas A&M to be reckoned with), then comes the gang war with Ohio State, then Michigan folds up at bowl time. Michigan's eight-year record in final games—four howls and four with Ohio State—is 0-7-1. Otherwise it is 76-4-2.

Aside from the late-season face-down act, there is no mystery in how the Wolverines do it. Their triple option attack that last year led the nation in total offense (448 yards per game), rushing (363 yards) and scoring (38.7 points) is back almost in full, led by an all-veteran line that includes 6' 3", 245-pound All-America Guard Mark Donahue. The only absentees are two other All-Americans: Wingback Jim Smith and Running Back Rob Lytle. Still on hand are junior Tailback Harlan Huckleby, who gained 912 yards, and Fullback Russell Davis, a 6' 2", 215-pound junior who rushed for 596. Replacing Smith is either 6' 5" senior Rick White, who started at split end in 1975, or prize freshman-recruit Rodney Fearster.

Schembechler's meat-grinder offense is again led by lefty Quarterback Rick Leach, a two-year starter, veteran of two bowl games and, as Curt Gowdy would say, only a junior. Schembechler allowed him to throw 105 times in 12 games last year and Leach, who also plays center field for the Wolverine baseball team, completed 50, including 13 for touchdowns—which, you better believe it, tied a Michigan record.

The defense will have to replace five starters, including All-America Linebacker Calvin O'Neal. But Outside Linebackers John Anderson and Dom Tedesco return, as do Middle Guard Steve Graves and Dwight Hicks and Jim Pickens in the secondary. Besides, history is on Michigan's side: Wolverine defenses have yielded an average of 7½ points a game during the last seven years.

So where's the problem? If there is one, it is that Schembechler still has to find a way to welcome in the new year with a win.

Texas Tech

Way out on the high plains of West Texas is the city of Lubbock, one of those unlikely outcroppings of civilization that is home for a bunch of unlikely critters. From Lubbock have come a surprising number of pop musicians, daredevil pilots, squinty-eyed millionaires and great athletes. They are not necessarily born in Lubbock but arrive on earth in the vast flatland which makes Lubbock appear to be a glittering metropolis, and end up calling the place home. For years most of Texas Tech's football players crawled out from behind a nearby meekish hush. By and large the Red Raiders still are Texans, but now they are from all over the state, and even a few are from foreign territory. They are no longer drawn to Lubbock because it is the closest place to get a drink of water. Now the lure is a winning record, a bowl team and a young coach from Alabama.

Steve Sloan is continually referred to as Bear Bryant's probable successor at Alabama. Despite that obvious recruiting handicap, Sloan built a team at Texas Tech that went 10-2 last season (including a 27-24 loss to Nebraska in the Astro-Bluebonnet Bowl) to get a share (with Houston) of the Southwest Conference championship for the first time. This season Tech is favored by many to win the SWC championship outright. If the Raiders develop a few more defensive linemen, they could move ahead of Waylon Jennings and Buddy Holly on Lubbock's alltime affection scale.

Quarterback Rodney Allison is the main man in the Tech attack. He is a 5' 11", 188-pound senior, and a year ago he was listed behind senior Tommy Duniven on the depth chart. Duniven was a noted passer, but Allison moved in as the wizard of Tech's split-back veer offense, in which the quarterback often throws from a drop-back position. Against Texas, Allison guided Tech to first downs in 13 of 21 third- or fourth-down situations, the Raiders winning by three points, and Sloan called him "an absolute Houdini." Returning at fullback is 213-pound Billy Taylor, who has been clocked in 4.6 in the 40-yard dash, as has Running Back Jimmy Williams, who gained 607 yards as a soph but missed nearly all of last season with a knee injury. The offensive line is led by senior Tackle Dan Irons, 6' 7" and 265, and there are returning seniors at the other tackle, at both guards, and at center, with more lettermen behind them.

Eight regulars are back on the defensive unit, including Tackle Jim Krahl and End Richard Arledge. The Tech secondary, led by Free Safety Greg Frazier, intercepted at least one pass in every game last season, and three starters from that group are suiting up again.

The biggest question mark is the kicking game. "In fact, right now we don't have a kicking game," says Sloan. "Also, people don't realize we had a big-play defense last year, but some of our big-play guys are gone." The betting, nevertheless, is that Tech will pop up again, like cactus.





Alabama

C'mon, Bear Bryant, you're playing possum again. You've got another monster down there in Tuscaloosa, haven't you? "Aw, that's ridiculous," says the Bear. "Shoot, we're young and slow. Heck, we've got to scratch to keep from getting embarrassed."

Bryant enters his 20th year at Alabama riding a streak of 18 consecutive winning seasons and bowl bids. Since 1972 the Crimson Tide has won 90.9% of its games, matching Oklahoma as the winningest team of the era. Last year Alabama started 14 underclassmen, and after a 2-2 opening the Tide won seven of eight, including the Liberty Bowl, in which it destroyed favored UCLA 36-6. The youngsters rang up 4,025 yards of total offense and 39 touchdowns and held opponents to 12.2 points a game. This year seven veterans return on defense, and the offense lists players who accounted for 3,100 of those yards and all but four of the touchdowns.

If Jack O'Rear's recent knee injury is not too severe, he and Jeff Rutledge will share time at quarterback. Rutledge hit 62 of 109 passes (57%) for 979 yards and eight TDs last season. O'Rear rushed for 467 yards, third high on the team. Ozzie Newsome is an All-America receiver who averages 21.2 yards a catch, largely because in an open field he can do a butterfly step one moment and rumble like a freight train the next. Back, too, is Fullback Johnny Davis, Alabama's leading rusher the past two years with 1,488 yards, and Halfbacks Tony Nathan and Pete Cavan. Bryant calls on a host of running backs, so none of them pile up much yardage. But while Nathan, Cavan and reserves Donnie Faust and John Crow totaled only 1,039 yards, their average carry was 6.4, 5.4, 6.8 and 5.8, respectively. Holdovers Louis Green (guard) and Jim Bunch (tackle) will be joined on the line by Center Dwight Stevenson, a former end who snapped the ball so well this spring that Bryant shifted Terry Jones, a two-year starter at center, to nose guard.

Bryant's main worry is replacing the defensive line, which was totaled by graduation. But in 6' 5", 250-pound Marty Lyons, 6' 4", 260-pound William Davis and 6' 3", 240-pound Calvin Parker, among others, he has imposing people. They can count on help from a veteran secondary that yielded only 85 completions and five TDs in 1976, and three seasoned linebackers, notably Barry Krause, who was named MVP in the Liberty Bowl. Folks call him another LeRoy Jordan, a name not tossed around casually in Tuscaloosa.

Among the Tide's first five foes are Big Eight co-champ Nebraska, SEC champ Georgia and Pac-8 champ USC. But Nebraska and Georgia are undergoing face-lifts and USC is the fifth game of the season, so the Tide's young defensive line should have jelled. Alabama might stumble once, maybe twice—but no more.

So why is the Bear grumbling? Out of habit. The last time Bryant predicted Alabama would be tough was in 1957. He was coaching Texas A&M that year.

USC

Sadly, the school that fielded such exotically named individuals as Aramis Dandoy, Greenville Archer, Lansdell III and Orenthal James Simpson has lost Cornerback Drungo Hazewood to pro baseball. USC also has lost 15 men to pro football, including Tailback Ricky Bell, runner-up for the Heisman Trophy; Quarterback Vince Evans, Rose Bowl MVP; and two All-America linemen, Gary Jeter and Marvin Powell. So much for the minuses. The good news is that USC should go to the Rose Bowl again and might be stronger at tailback and quarterback.

Rob Hertel, a second baseman who hit .329 for the Trojan baseball team, is sticking around for his senior season at quarterback instead of following Hazewood's example. Hertel was the best backup signal-caller in the Pac-8 last year, having completed 65% of his passes for 452 yards and eight touchdowns.

Sophomore Tailback Charles White (5.5 yards a carry and 10 TDs rushing in 1976), a record-setting high school hurdler, is "one of the best breakaway threats I've ever seen," says second-year Trojan Coach John Robinson. USC has had two Heisman winners (Simpson and Mike Garrett) and three strong Heisman contenders (Bell, Anthony Davis, Jon Arnett) at tailback, but White could turn out to be at least as good. Complementing him at fullback is Mosi Taptua, who, says Robinson, "is about as easy to tackle as a Coke machine." Paving their way is a young, powerful offensive line. Soph Tackle Anthony Munoz goes 6' 6", 270 pounds, and Robinson says 6' 6" junior Guard Pat Howell "is the best lineman on our team right now, a potential All-America." The coach also rates Wide Receiver Randy Simmons and Tight End William Gay as All-America candidates.

With only four starters back, the Trojan defense doesn't figure to be as overwhelming as the offense, but most coaches would gladly trade it for it, particularly when they look at the charts and discover that 13 lettermen are knocking each other around for starting berths. All-America Safety Dennis Thurman and Rover Mike Carey, who suffered from Hodgkins' disease last fall, are the mainstays of the secondary. If there is a weakness, it might be the kicking game, where the Trojans must rely on inexperienced men. Certainly it isn't the schedule, which seems to have been tailor-made for a team going for the national championship. USC plays Missouri, Alabama, Notre Dame and UCLA, but has a breather in between each big game.

USC was 11-1 last season, dropping its opener to Missouri. "We lost the national championship on Sept. 11," says Robinson. "Our kids come here to be national champions. We recognize now the importance of being really ready for the first game." This season USC figures to be really ready for everyone. Including the Big Ten champion on Jan. 2.





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Ohio State

In the Big Ten 1977 will be a year in which the good get better. Ohio State, the No. 5 ranked team in the nation in 1976, has eight starters returning on offense and seven on defense. The Buckeyes also have 28 prize freshmen, a bunch being compared to the class of '70, among whose luminaries were Rex Kern, John Brockington and Jack Tatum.

Whether Ohio State will be the best, however, won't be determined until the last game of the season. This year the Big Ten title game is scheduled for Ann Arbor.

Woody Hayes took his 9-2-1 Buckeyes into the 1977 Orange Bowl against Colorado and his two-tailback attack prevailed 27-10. The 64-year-old coach had started last season with his customary 1 formation, which relied on Fullback Pete Johnson to be the chief churner of the cloud of dust. But Johnson sprained both ankles in the third game, a 22-21 upset by Missouri, and Hayes went to Tailbacks Jeff Logan and junior-college transfer Ron Springs. Well healed in time for the Orange Bowl, Johnson spent the evening on the bench. This year Hayes will start the season with his fastest backfield in memory and may even try some more new tricks—with the proviso that the ball stays on the ground. Last season Ohio State put the ball in the air only 40 times and scored only one touchdown on a pass in 12 games.

Veteran Junior Quarterback Rod Gerald will direct the offense, which will again feature the shifty Logan, who gained 1,248 yards in 218 carries in 1976, and the speedy Springs, who rushed for 389 yards in 72 carries. There is also Gerald himself to contend with. The fastest man in the backfield (4.3 in the 40), he ran for 465 yards last year. Should Hayes decide he needs more heft in the backfield (Logan is 5'10", 184 pounds, Springs 6'2", 196 pounds), there is a power fullback waiting in the wings, 6'1", 223-pound Paul Campbell. With only two of last year's starters missing, the offensive line, led by 279-pound Tackle Chris Ward, will again be a force to be reckoned with.

All-America Tom Skladany, the nation's leading punter in 1974 and 1975, graduated. Junior David McKee, a 1976 walk-on, will probably do the punting this season, while freshman Doug McDowd and soccer player Vlade Janakievski, a native of Yugoslavia, will be the placekickers.

A lack of depth in the secondary may be the Buckeyes' only weakness, even though that unit returns intact, and Hayes contends that "nobody in the country recruited better defensive backs." Standout Defensive End Bob Brudzinski has graduated, but reserve Linebacker Paul Ross is a promising replacement. The speed of All-America Safety Raymond Griffin and the range of Linebacker Tom Cousineau, who led the Buckeyes in tackles (102) and assists (82), should guarantee that the defense will be redoubtable again. Just how redoubtable will be determined on Nov. 19 when it meets Michigan, last season's NCAA leader in total offense, to decide whose turn it is to go to the Rose Bowl.

Texas A&M

By the end of last season Texas A&M may have had the best college football team in the country. In the stretch the Aggies won six games in a row by lopsided scores and breezed to a 37-14 victory over Florida in the Sun Bowl. In a most practical way, that final rush of out-of-balance scores contributes to the belief that the Aggies can be every bit as good this year. True, eight starters are gone from a defensive unit that ranked fourth in the nation. But because the Aggies ran off with so many games, their reserves got a lot of playing time and thus valuable experience, and 14 lettermen will be on call.

The Aggies may have been a bit lacking in speed last season, but not in strength or size. Consider Fullback George Woodard who at 6 feet, 265 pounds is even more immense than he was last year. He could never be confused with a jackrabbit, but who really wants to catch him? In the spring Coach Emory Bellard abandoned the wishbone—which he had helped introduce while on the University of Texas staff in 1968—in favor of the veer. After a week the Aggies were back to the wishbone, and Bellard gave up any notion of trimming down Woodard. The Aggies put Woodard through weight and density testing and found that he has only 17% fat, low for his size, fat-testers say. As a wishbone fullback it is handy to be big and strong. A sophomore last year, Woodard ran up the middle for 1,153 yards and 17 touchdowns. Complementing him was 6'2", 197-pound freshman Halfback Curtis Dickey, who rushed for 726 yards and eight touchdowns. The other running back, David Brothers, was also a freshman starter and accounted for 244 yards. Three more starters return in the offensive line—Center Mark Denard and Tackles Frank Myers and Cody Risen. It is hard to imagine any collection of mere humans who will be able to stop the Aggies on the ground.

Unless, of course, there is no passing game to worry about, and that is unlikely. Despite the departure of a couple of top receivers, A&M's passing should suffice. The quarterback is David Walker, who started his first game for the Aggies at the age of 16. At this time last year Walker was a third-teamer and discouraged. He had quit football to stay home in Sulphur, La., but finally decided to return and started those all-victorious, high-scoring final seven games, in which he completed 60% of his passes.

It will be up to a rebuilt defense to decide how high in the polls A&M can go. But Bellard doesn't waste anyone's time by poor-mouthing his chances. "I don't think our defense is going to be a weak spot," he says.

Aggie Placekicker Tony Franklin, who kicked field goals of 62 and 65 yards last season, has set nine NCAA records. No problem here. The problem is the schedule, with Texas Tech the third game of the season and Texas and Houston coming to College Station late in the year. One of these four teams is going to the Cotton Bowl.



CONTINUED



Maryland

If you want to see Maryland on a losing streak, don't hold your breath. The Terps, who were 11-0 before losing to Houston by a touchdown in the Cotton Bowl, have 37 lettermen returning, and Coach Jerry Claiborne, who has seen his troops win 20 straight ACC games, feels this might be his finest team ever.

Maryland gave up more than one touchdown in only three regular season games in 1976 to rank second in the nation in total defense and the Terps should be up there again, despite the loss of both tackles, most notably All-America Joe Campbell. The replacements are All-Conference Guard Ernie Salley and either of two outstanding junior lettermen, Charlie Johnson and Kenny Watson. With four veteran linebackers and five experienced people in the secondary, Maryland can afford to do some juggling up front, as long as everything has meshed by the time the Terps travel north to meet Penn State on Sept. 24.

The exceptionally quick Terrapins run from the power I and rely on three basic plays: the speed option with senior Quarterback Mark Manges carrying; tailback up the middle; tailback sweep. And with three excellent tailbacks—225-pound junior Steve Atkins, junior Preacher Maddox and sophomore George Scott—what Maryland wants, Maryland most usually will get. That threesome turned in seven 100-yards-plus games last season, the best individual performance being a 225-yard effort by Atkins against Syracuse.

Fullback Tim Wilson has graduated; Steve Kozlowski and Mickey Dudish, both junior lettermen, both capable blockers, will fill his cleats. The junior wingbacks, Chuck White and Dean Richards, are fine receivers. In fact, except for Tight End Bob Raba, who will be replaced by 6' 3" sophomore letterman Eric Sievers, all the Terp receivers are back, to the delight of Manges, who is deadly at short range and only slightly less effective going long (81 for 139, good for 1,145 yards and 11 touchdowns last season). Manges loves to throw when no one—not even his coach—expects him to. However, Manges' second love is tucking the ball under his arm and taking off upfield. He averaged 3.6 yards in 125 carries last season.

"Our running will be excellent, our passing outstanding," says Claiborne, who has led Maryland to four straight bowl games since taking over a moribund program in 1972. He is not quite as enthusiastic when he talks of his freshmen, who he feels are only average. But that is of little solace to Maryland opponents. In recent years an average group of Terp freshmen would be considered outstanding elsewhere.

Says Claiborne, "Last year in the games we didn't play well and in the bowl game we lost, it was our mistakes and not the opposition that hurt us. Now we are going to do everything we did last season—only with fewer mistakes."

Penn State

Almost since he arrived at Penn State in 1966, Joe Paterno has been trying to sell the polsters on Eastern college football. Each year, as his Nittany Lions marched toward another Lambert Trophy and another bowl game, Paterno crossed his fingers and hoped that this would be the year. And when the results from 1976 came in, the East had a national champion, the first since 1959—but it was Pittsburgh. Paterno, who suffered through a 7-5 season, had no choice but to grin and bear it.

His own team had been out of the running since the fourth week of the season, following consecutive losses to Ohio State, Iowa and Kentucky. At that point, Paterno installed freshmen Bruce Clark and Matt Millen at linebacker and shifted Mike Guman from safety to running back. Sophomore Chuck Fusina took over at quarterback (53% passing for 1,260 yards), and the Nittany Lions ran off six straight wins before the matter of Eastern supremacy was settled with a 24-7 loss to Pitt.

This year Paterno is somewhat noncommittal about his still-young team's chances. Of 30 returnees, only 11 are seniors, but the entire offensive backfield and 19 of the first 22 on defense are lettermen. "I think we're going to have a good team in 1977," he says. "The alumni think 'good' means right at the top. I'm not so sure."

His main task, aside from patching up the offensive line, may be picking a starting tailback from among four candidates: Guman, Steve Geise, Duane Taylor and Ed Guthrie. "Tailbacks are like horses," says Paterno. "You've got to run them to tell how good they are." Their form charts, according to Paterno, go like this: "Geise has intensity, Guman smoothness, Guthrie balance, Taylor quickness." Two problems: Taylor comes back from knee surgery and Guthrie was hampered by a leg injury in the spring. If none of them works out, the coach may go with a freshman—6' 1", 185-pound Booker Moore.

At least the fullbacks—Matt Suhey (five touchdowns, 3.9 yards per carry) and Bob Torrey (4.4 yards per carry)—are fit. And if the line matures, Fusina will do lots of passing to Flanker Jimmy Cefalo (14 catches) and Tight End Mickey Shuler (21 catches, three TDs).

On defense, Penn State will look like, well, Penn State. The entire secondary returns, along with a slew of experienced linemen, notably sophomores Clark and Millen, and senior Randy Sailer, who will shuttle between tackle and middle guard as the Nittany Lions occasionally shift out of their famous 4-4 and experiment with a 5-3 alignment.

Paterno would love to develop his young team slowly. No such luxury. Everything goes on the line early. After the Sept. 2 opener with Rutgers, Penn State has a week off, then faces Houston, Maryland and Kentucky—all at home, though. If the Lions are 4-0 on Oct. 2, this could be the year—Penn State's.



CONTINUED

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Colorado

Assessing the quality of this year's Buffalo herd is a snap: Colorado will be big and fast. With 14 of last year's starters on hand, fourth-year Coach Bill Mallory (22 wins, 13 losses) feels comfortable enough about his future in Boulder to have bought himself a home—stead outside of town. And like its coach Colorado's talent-laden team seems to have

gained the conviction and audacity needed to turn the Big Eight into a three-team race.

Granted the Bulls shared the conference championship with Oklahoma and Oklahoma State last season, and went to the Orange Bowl because they had beaten both the Sooners (42-31) and the Cowboys (20-10). But 1976 was not a typical year in the Big Eight. Since the conference reached its present size in 1960, Oklahoma and Nebraska, the two juggernauts, have won or tied for the league title 15 times between them. Last year Oklahoma lost two games, Nebraska three. Colorado was picked to finish sixth in the 1976 preseason poll, and might have ended up there but for the emergence of Quarterback Jeff Knappe, a Boulder product who transferred to Colorado after spending a disappointing freshman year at UCLA and led the Buffaloes to an 8-3 overall record.

A sophomore last fall, Knappe engineered five touchdowns in five possessions during a 45-24 thrashing of Drake. He led the Bulls to 265 yards total offense in one quarter as Colorado crushed Iowa State 33-14, and he added 286 more during a furious comeback against Oklahoma that produced the most points scored against the Sooners since 1969. In eight games the 6' 2", 202-pounder passed for 904 yards and averaged nearly four yards a carry.

Knappe's running ability may be sorely tested this fall, because along with the departures of Tailback Tony Reed and Fullback Jim Kelleher went 1,825 yards rushing and 20 touchdowns.

But the men Mallory starts in their places—junior college transfer Mike Kozlowski or freshman Jeff Hornberger at tailback and James Mayberry or Mike Holmes at fullback—will operate behind a Rocky Mountain-sized line. From left tackle to right it will consist of Matt Miller (6' 6", 272), Steve Hakes (6' 2", 245), Leon White (6' 3", 278), Dave Griffin (6' 3", 250) and George Osborne (6' 5", 241).

There are some Buffaloes to beware of on defense, too. Tackle Ruben Vaughan (6' 3", 261) and Middle Guard Laval Short (6' 2", 246) anchor the line. Odis McKinney heads a veteran secondary that intercepted 19 passes last season and should be even stronger with the return of Safety Tom Tesone, who sat out 1976 with a knee injury.

The Buffaloes won't be stampeding to the Big Eight title, however. They figure to start out 6-0, but then they play both Nebraska and Oklahoma on the road. The Cornhuskers have beaten them nine straight and the Sooners are not likely to give up 42 points in Norman.

UCLA

Last year's 9-2-1 UCLA team. Coach Terry Donahue's first, averaged only 13.6 passes a game. The Bruins would like to increase that to about 20. "We're not going to become a passing team," says Donahue, "but we need to become a balanced team." The fact that only one offensive line starter is back could have something to do with Donahue's intention. He does have good receivers but now that Jeff Dankworth has graduated to UCLA law school, the quarterbacking is, well, up in the air. The leading candidates are junior Steve Bukich, son of ex-pro Rudy, and sophomore Rick Bashore, who finished spring practice ranked "dead even" with Bukich.

But if the offensive line jells quickly—Tackle Gus Coppers is back and Bruce Davis has been switched from the defensive unit—the Bruins will not have to worry about having nothing to do on or about New Year's Day. One thing in Donahue's favor is that UCLA doesn't leap into the Rose Bowl race until the fifth game. Moreover, the Bruins have not exactly been stripped clean of runners. Junior Halfback Theotis (Big Foot) Brown wears a size 15 triple-E shoe, which last season helped his 218 pounds around and over opposing tacklers for 1,092 yards, third best in school history. Alongside Brown in the year alignment will be freshman Freeman McNeil or 173-pound Olympian James Owens (sixth in the high hurdles at Montreal).

The defense should be good enough to forestall disaster so long as it can keep up with the catalogue of offenses it will be seeing early in the season. UCLA opens at Houston, which operates out of the veer; five days later it entertains Kansas, a wishbone team; then comes Minnesota with the I formation and, finally, Iowa, which lines up in the wing T. Playing a key role in containing this array of formations will be Jerry Robinson, a split end two years ago who transformed himself into a quick, hard-hitting 208-pound inside linebacker for the Bruins' 3-4-4 defense. Another defensive stalwart is 240-pound Tackle Manu Tuiasosopo. The tough defensive backfield is led by Cornerback Levi Armstrong and Free Safety Pat Schmidt. Donahue hopes they, plus Linebackers Raymond Bell and Frank Stephens and Nose Guard Steve Tetric, "will form the nucleus of a unit that will carry us until the offense gains experience."

The kicking game is in fine shape again this year. Frank Corral averaged more than 44 yards a punt in '76 to finish sixth in the country and also kicked a school-record 55-yard field goal against Oregon.

There is yet one more reason why UCLA should be a strong second-half team: Donahue's staff did an excellent job of recruiting, most notably McNeil from L.A. Defensive Tackle Billy Don Jackson from Texas and Flanker Fred Brockington from Michigan. If Donahue can get his youngsters to peak when they did last year, the Nov. 25 date with USC figures to fall at just about the right time.





Pittsburgh

Pittsburgh's alltime leading running back, Hersman Trophy winner Tony Dorsett, is a Dallas Cowboy. Coach of the Year Johnny Majors, who masterminded the Panthers' rise from a 1-10 team in 1972 to a 12-0 national champion in 1976, is the coach at Tennessee, his alma mater. All told, 11 starters are gone, five on offense and six on defense.

Say hello to Jackie Sherrill, and wish him well. Pitt's new coach, who last year was at Washington State, is not a complete stranger. From 1973 to 1975 he was one of Majors' assistants and the architect of the Panthers' 5-2 defense, an alignment he plans to keep. But it is doubtful if he can keep Pittsburgh No. 1.

"I try to get the 'if not's'—what if I don't do this or that—out of my mind as quickly as possible and get to the 'ifs,'" says Sherrill, who at 33 is the youngest coach ever to undertake the task of defending a national title.

There are plenty of "ifs" on offense despite the return of Quarterback Matt Cavanaugh, who completed nearly 60% of his passes (for 1,046 yards) and rushed for 366 more. Sherrill will switch the Pitt attack from the veer to the I or pro set. The reason is not just Cavanaugh's quality arm. Pittsburgh's receiving corps is one of the areas where the team has great depth, with junior Split End Gordon Jones and senior Flankers Willie Taylor and Randy Reutershan. Fullback Elliott Walker, who blocked superbly for Dorsett, has shed 15 pounds since last season and at 190 should get the 300 yards he needs to become the school's second-leading rusher. Guards Tom Bezozza and Matt Carroll bring a total of five years of experience to the offensive line, but the other four starters are gone.

Last season Pitt had the nation's sixth stingiest defense, but has lost both ends, two linebackers, a tackle and the middle guard. However, the secondary—J. C. Wilson, LeRoy Felder, Jeff Delaney and Bob Jury—is intact; and it was second in the nation with 29 interceptions in 1976. The stack-out is Jury, a safety who pulled in 9 to rank second in the country in this category. The lone returning starter on the line is 6' 6", 228-pound Tackle Randy Holloway, who topped the Panthers last season with 18 quarterback sacks. Junior Dave Logan steps in at middle guard and should do creditably. Although 6' 2", 240 pounds, he can run the 40 in 4.7.

The biggest "if" of all is the kicking. Beginning in 1973 Carson Long and Larry Swider booted every placement and punt, respectively, but no more. "If I had been here last year," says Sherrill, "the one thing I would have done is recruit a kicker. Can you imagine a freshman coming in with the game on the line against Notre Dame on national television?" Sherrill's placekicker just may be David Trout, a freshman from Mount Pleasant, Pa. It won't take long to see if he's the goods. Tune in on Sept. 10 when Pitt opens against Notre Dame.

Mississippi State

In Mississippi these days, he who laughs last in the fall is generally a State fan. From all the old jokes a powerhouse is abounding. No more do the football fans in Starkville think that *The Wretched of the Earth* is a chronicle of the Bulldogs' sufferings in the SEC. At last the football team is getting more publicity than the school's cheese factory. Or, at least it will after the NCAA lifts its probation two games into the season.

Last year, playing in relative obscurity (no TV exposure, no possibility of a bowl game), the Bulldogs of Bob Tyler went 9-2, their best record since before World War II, and as left-handed Quarterback Bruce Threadgill says, "If you can win being on probation, you sure can win being off it." Especially when most of the horses are back in the barn. Even Tyler, raised in the Southern tradition of preseason caution, says, "I feel good about this team." That's like Patton saying he felt good about the Third Army.

Gone is ace Running Back Walter Packer, plus three of the people who opened holes for him, but there to insure that the wishbone fulfills Tyler's every desire are Fullback Dennis Johnson, 6' 4" and a fast 235 pounds and last year's leading rusher (859 yards), and 195-pound sophomore Halfback James Jones. In addition, there is licensed pilot Threadgill, who came of age last season along with the Bulldogs' switch from the veer to the wishbone offense. As a sophomore, his pass completion percentage was a lowly 35%, but last year he completed 45 of 89 throws for seven TDs, scored four more himself and personally accounted for 1,361 of the Bulldogs' 3,803 yards of total offense.

Also in attendance are seven of last season's eight top receivers, senior sub Fullback Terry Vitano, who has gained nearly 1,000 career yards, and Running Backs Darryl McGlasker (five TDs) and Len Copeland.

Despite the loss of four major starters, the defense should be at least as good as last year's—and last year's was very good. Up front the standout is 6' 5", 265-pound Tackle Larry Gillard; he is buttressed by two solid ends, Ray Peyton (6' 3", 225) and Bobby Molden (6' 6", 225). As a group, the linebackers are inexperienced; the best of the bunch is Mike Lawrence, who has had a series of injuries. Says Tyler, "Mike gets up slow, his socks are always falling down and he looks terrible, but he makes the big play and inspires everyone." Behind this inspiration is a veteran defensive backfield led by Cornerback Henry Davidson and converted Linebacker Gerald Jackson at strong safety.

Inspiring the upper classmen to make an all-out effort is a crop of freshmen labeled the best ever recruited at State—and last year the Bulldogs lettered 10 freshmen. "From what I've seen," says Tyler, "another 10 or 12 of our freshmen will play a lot." Then he grinned.

Over in Tuscaloosa, Ala., no one is grinning about the Bulldogs this year. They're no longer a joke. **CONTINUED**





Houston

Last year Houston was eligible to compete for the Southwest Conference title for the first time and not only wound up in the Cotton Bowl but also defeated Maryland, the No. 4 team in the nation. Can the Cougars do it again? It won't take long to find out. Houston opens against UCLA and Penn State. "Last year we blindsided some people," says

Coach Bill Yeoman. "We can't do that this year." But if the Cougars don't make it back to the Cotton Bowl, you can still write them down for one bowl or other. They landed what may be the best freshman crop in the conference to go with 14 returning starters.

Houston's 414-yard per-game offense could be even better this season. Junior Quarterback Danny Davis, a quick, clever operator who can run and throw equally well, was first to show confidence early last season by wearing a T shirt that said 1976 SWC CHAMPS. Recruited out of Dallas, Davis wavered between Houston and the University of Texas until he got a suspicion Texas might try to make a defensive back out of him. The most highly desired schoolboy quarterback in Texas this past year was Durrell Shepard of Odessa. He too signed with Houston. So did half a dozen large linemen, including 230-pound Tight End Dave Tavelline from Austin. The famed Houston veer offense—different from the wishbone in that it has two running backs rather than three, but an extra receiver—shows no sign of slowing. Speed in fact is the Cougars' primary asset, both offensively and defensively.

One of the people Davis—or Shepard, if it comes to that—will be giving the ball to is Alois Blackwell, who gained 939 yards last year and had five 100-yards-plus games. "From mid season on, he was the best back in the league," says Backfield Coach Elmer Redd. Blackwell ripped for 149 yards in the Cotton Bowl.

The Cougars are worried about replacing Kicker Leonard Coplin, who hit nine of 15 field goals, and they hope that Split End Don Bass, who averaged 23 yards per catch in 1976, recovers from off-season knee surgery. Most of all, they worry about replacing All-America Defensive Tackle Wilson Whitley, now with the Cincinnati Bengals, and the entire left side of the defensive line. Any of those highly rated freshmen, 6' 5", 245-pound Hosea Taylor, could be the cat to shore up the line. Behind it there already is plenty of strength with Robert Oglesby and All-Conference Cornerback Anthony Francis, who led the nation by snagging 10 interceptions a year ago as a junior.

Last season Houston's dazzlingly quick defenders gave up a mere 95 points in the Southwest Conference, a performance not likely to be matched this year.

Yeoman will remind you that Houston was 2-8 in 1975. "We fired eight blanks that year, so how can you tell?" he says. This year, rival coaches know the Cougars are loaded with talent.

Arizona State

Since his high school playing days 30 years ago, Arizona State Coach Frank Kush had avoided a losing season until last year. His Sun Devils dropped their home opener to underdog UCLA and never recovered, finishing with a galling 4-7 record. "We had many things go wrong in '76," Kush says. "They were things tangible and intangible. If it were any one item we would have corrected it. Suffice it to say we started with spring ball and we're building solidly with winning foremost in mind." Grimace: "We will not sink to the levels of last season."

Senior Wide Receiver John Jefferson is one of the players Sun Devil fans hope will lead ASU back to glory. He suffered from recurring ankle sprains last season, yet he holds most of ASU's catching records and should have every one of them by the time he's through. Kush, who has coached such receivers as J. D. Hill and Charley Taylor, rates Jefferson the best. Who will be throwing to Jefferson is the question. Dennis Sproul saw the most action last year but suffered a knee injury that required off-season surgery, then more surgery for bone chips. The job could go to senior Fred Mortensen or one of two promising sophoms, 6' 5" Mark Malone or John Fouch. And there is a freshman with a good pedigree—Zeke Bratkowski's son Steve.

Tight End Bruce Hardy had a poor junior year but a fine spring, according to the coaching staff. Another junior that Kush feels is ready is Running Back Mike Harris, a 205-pounder who played little last year. Back, too, is 5' 8", 174-pound Arthur (Turtle) Lane, who had knee surgery early in the 1976 season. Four out of five starters return in the offensive line; from an 11-0 team that would be impressive, from a 4-7 team, maybe not.

Speaking of his 5-2 defense, Kush, perhaps lying low, says he has "problems at the tackles." Switching 6' 4", 242-pound Bob Pfister over from the offense may have solved one of them. The linebacking corps will be experienced. The defensive backfield had looked good going into spring training but looked even better coming out, after the coaching staff had a chance to work with junior-college transfer Kim Anderson.

Arizona State and Arizona turn the Pac-8 into the Pac-10 in 1978, so this will be the last season before, as Kush says, "we go out of the bass pond and into the ocean to fight sharks. We're going to have to get that quality kid who's as big as anyone else." ASU did do well in recruiting such blue-chippers as Bratkowski, Anderson, Running Back Newton Williams from North Carolina and 6' 3", 240-pound Defensive Tackle Eddie Sanders from Miami.

"We have a lot to prove to ourselves," says Kush. "I think the kids have the right frame of mind. If they don't, they're going to have it. If you're any kind of competitor at all you don't forget that kind of year. That'll be a permanent scar as far as I'm concerned."



CONTINUED

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Florida

The quarterback is a senior with 15 plays under his belt, one of them a pass. The offensive line has one returnee. On defense, nine veterans are back, but a year ago Florida gave up 292 points in 12 games, and the 4,391 yards the Gators yielded was the most in the Southeastern Conference. Still, Florida should do just fine this season.

The Gators won eight games last year, so the defense, as Coach Doug Dickey insists, isn't as bad as it seems. Heavy attrition, plus injuries, forced him to start eight new players, and it was a lack of experience, not talent, that led to boxcars on the scoreboard.

Indeed, Florida's best game defensively was the season finale, in which it held Miami, a team that had scored 27 points against Notre Dame a week earlier, to 10 points. By then Richard Ruth, who bench-presses 435 pounds, and Michael DuPre had emerged as a formidable pair of ends. And the linebackers were awesome, especially Scott Hutchinson, who led the Gators with 12 sacks, and Scot Brantley, Rookie of the Year in the SEC.

Brantley is a training-room psychologist who suggests that the real problem on defense was too many juniors. As many as six started. "Freshmen and sophomores play hard because it's new; seniors because this is it," he says. "But juniors have no built-in motivation." The Brantley Observation will be tested this season, for Florida starts just four juniors. Included in that count is Placekicker Berj Yepremian, Garo's little brother.

Once again the Gators have no shortage of fine running backs and receivers. Wes Chandler is an All-America split end whose 44 catches netted 967 yards, tops in the SEC, and 10 TDs, as many as anyone in the nation. Halfback Tony Green is just 292 yards shy of becoming Florida's all-time rushing leader. Green has great acceleration and elusiveness, and catching Chandler in the secondary is a bit like catching a dollar bill dropped out of an airplane. Also returning are Willie Wilder, who gained even more yards than Green in 1976, and 230-pound Earl Carr, a 9.7 sprinter who shifts to fullback this year. Only Dave Forrester returns to the line, but newcomers Mark Totten (6' 6", 290 pounds) and Steve Kiefer (6' 5", 270) certainly have the size, and Bill Bennek was a standout in the spring.

With Quarterback Bill Kynes deciding to accept a Rhodes scholarship over another year of football, Terry LeCount takes over. He is a 9.5 sprinter and ex-split end whose one pass attempt last season was good for a touchdown. "He's an absolute ath-a-lete," Dickey says. "He'll make the switch with no trouble at all."

Pitt and Utah replace Houston and North Carolina on the schedule; otherwise it is the same. The big one is Mississippi State on Sept. 24. That's when Dickey finds out if LeCount and the defense are as good as he thinks. Or, in terms of juniors, if less truly is more.

Nebraska

It is hardly a surprise to find the Cornhuskers in the Top 20. In the past eight seasons they have won 79 games, and last year's 27-24 defeat of Texas Tech in the Astro-Bluebonnet was their seventh bowl victory during that period. What is surprising is finding the Cornhuskers ranked as low as 18, especially since six of their first seven games will be played before home crowds in Memorial Stadium.

Most years that would have proved too great an advantage to spot a Nebraska team. But as of this spring there was no first-string quarterback—or rather there were five, which is the same thing—and Nebraska's power I needs a passer in the tradition of Jerry Tagge, David Humm or Vince Ferragamo to make it go. The depth chart lists Ed Burns, Tim Hager, Randy Garcia, Jeff Quinn and Tom Sorely all on the same line. Last year they completed a total of nine passes, which was fine because Ferragamo was winging his way to 2,254 yards and 22 touchdowns. But someone is going to have to come through during those first seven weeks, because after that Nebraska runs into Oklahoma State, Missouri and Oklahoma on the road to close out its regular season.

Tom Osborne has never beaten the Sooners in the four years since he succeeded Bob Devaney as coach, although his teams have always finished in the Top Ten in the year-end polls. The rap is that Osborne is too conservative, especially when it counts most. All three of last year's defeats (the Huskers finished 9-3-1) were to conference rivals, which is proof positive that the Big Eight has become too strong, top to bottom, to be bullied by the likes of Nebraska any longer.

In the Cornhuskers' favor is the presence of Lance Van Zandt, who was hired away from Kansas to revamp Nebraska's so-called bend-but-never-break defense, which cracked wide open in two of last year's losses (34-24 to Missouri and 37-28 to Iowa State). Under Van Zandt the unit should be more attack-oriented than in the past. Or as linebacker Jim Wightman says, "This is a more vicious system." Still, the personnel is smallish, particularly by Nebraska standards.

The offense is in pretty good shape, despite the quarterback problem, with slashing 6-foot, 200-pound sophomore L. M. Hipp at fullback and I-Buck Rick Berns (972 yards, 11 TDs) Back-ups at fullback are Keith Steward and Dodie Donnell, while the depth chart for I-backs includes Junior Byron Stewart, who had a 5.9 yards-per-carry average in 1976 and 5' 7", 175-pound sophomore Tim Wurth, Ken Spaeth, a 6' 5", 230-pound tight end who caught 19 passes for 265 yards and four touchdowns last season, is also back.

Osborne put the Huskers in perspective recently when he said, "We have a lot more holes to fill than we've had in a long time, but I think we've got some talent in all areas. It's not like we're destitute."



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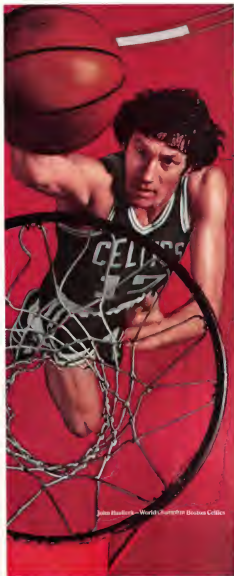
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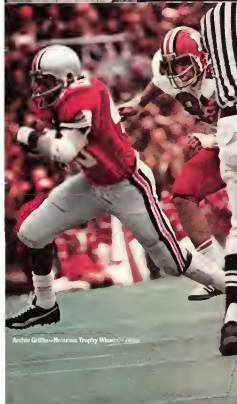


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Kentucky

After a couple of decades of indifferent football, the Wildcats signed Fran Curci as head coach in 1973, erected 58,000-seat Commonwealth Stadium and in 1976 were 7-4 and beat North Carolina 21-0 in the Peach Bowl. (The last time Kentucky had been invited to a postseason game was in 1951, when Bear Bryant was the coach.) The return to respectability became more or less official when the NCAA, which doesn't usually bother with the transgressions of the sneps, hit the school with a year's probation for recruiting violations.

The sharp slap on the carpus means no bowl and no TV appearances, and Kentucky's loss is the viewing audience's loss: the Wildcats will be very good, perhaps very, very good. Only one player is gone from a defense that had three shut-outs in the final four games of last year. It is headed by 6' 7", 247-pound End Art Seill and Linebacker Jim Kovach, and figures to be one of the best in the nation. As LSU Coach Charlie McClendon told Curci, "Art Still cuts the field in half. Wherever you put him, we're going the other way." But Curci is concerned about Still. "He has put a ring in his left ear, I don't know if that will hurt him."

The only question on offense is whether an inexperienced line (All-America Tackle Warren Bryant is gone; only two starters return) can get out of the way of Quarterback Derrick Ramsey and Fullback Rod Stewart, a couple of battering rams. Kentucky calls its attack the veer, but Ramsey and Stewart seldom do.

At 6' 5" and 222 pounds Ramsey is hardly a typical quarterback—not fast, and as a passer, not greatly feared. "His strength is his strength," says Curci. "He's not speedy, but he's faster than he gets credit for, and when he turns the end and gets into the secondary, it's hard for those little defensive backs to bring him down." Reinforcing his coach's updated opinion (Curci had alternated Ramsey at end and quarterback during a backluster sophomore season) were the 17 TDs Ramsey ran and threw for in 1976.

When the Wildcats aren't attacking the flanks with Ramsey, they usually are battering the middle with Stewart, who has speed as well as power. As a change of pace, Ramsey has been known to put the ball in the air, but not often, or to hand off to one of his halfbacks: this year, sophomore Randy Brooks and junior Chris Hill. But when you're hunting with a double-barrel shotgun, why throw rocks? Especially against an upgraded schedule.

Last season Kentucky played seven home games, this year, they have five. "And I thought last year's schedule was tough," says Curci. "Going in, there wasn't one game I was sure of winning. If anything, this year's schedule is tougher. After last season, our fans think we can line up with anybody. But we're still five or six players away from a top-notch national contender. If we are going to do well, everybody will have to be ready."

Brigham Young

Unlike most clubs that try to live by the pass, Brigham Young doesn't die with it. The secret, says Coach LaVell Edwards—besides having a quarterback who can throw and receivers who can catch—is having an outstanding defense that can turn other people's interceptions into non-victories. "And this year," he says, "our defense has size and quickness and could be our best ever." Coming off of a 9-2 season in which the Cougars gave up an average of 16 points a game while scoring 32, that is no idle threat.

BYU's defenders once again are led by Mekili Jeremiah, a 6' 2", 238-pound end who does a war dance after each of his many quarterback sacks (17 last year), which is what you might expect from a native of Samoa who arrived in the States by sailboat, was befriended by a Protestant minister and learned his football at Sleepy Hollow (N.Y.) High. Jeremiah's main henchmen are Defensive Tackle Gary Peterson (6' 4", 270), Middle Linebacker Rod Wood (6' 1", 225), Larry Miller (a 6' 5" Ted Hendricks look-alike at linebacker) and 176-pound senior Safety Tony Hernandez. They erase a lot of aerial mistakes.

Not that the Cougars just toss up the ball and pray. They let Quarterback Gifford Nielsen use the pass the way other teams use the ground game—to probe, to trap, going for five yards instead of 50. Instead of bombs, BYU hurts opponents with delays and quickies, with flare controls and sprints.

"You can drive defenses crazy with diversified passing," says Edwards. "We love to turn that underneath pass coverage inside out by sneaking Fullback Todd Christensen out of the backfield, and when he gets the ball, with his speed, watch out."

"Let's face it," says the Cougar coach. "I love the passing game. Fans love the passing game. We turned our whole season around last year with a bomb at the last second against Arizona. That's the beauty of the pass. You're a threat until the final minute."

With the return of the 6' 5", 203-pound Nielsen, a first-team Football Writers All-America, plus all of last season's top receivers—speedsters John VanDerWouden, Mike Chronister and George Harris, and Tight End Tod Thompson—WAC rivals may come up with a new defense, the 1-1-9: a nose guard, a linebacker and nine guys in the secondary yelling for help.

An added plus is the running game, which should be stronger than last year's despite the loss of Jeff Blanc. Edwards has moved 210-pound Roger Gourney to tailback, and out of the shadow of Christensen, because he is too talented to be wasted as a second-string fullback. But with Casey Wingard, Clay Blackwell and Robbie Kahuanaui on hand, he will be fighting for a job.

Heck, BYU might even run as much this year as Woody Hayes passes.



CONTINUED

INDEPENDENTS

It has been 10 years since Hurricanes did any real damage in America—the Miami Hurricanes, that is. In that time four new coaches have come to Coral Gables and the best any could do was whip Miami into a cool breeze. Now into the calm comes Lou Saban, late of the Buffalo Bills by way of a 19-day stopover as athletic director at the University of Cincinnati. Spring practice was never tougher, scholarship holders were dropped, the old slot I was scrapped for a pro set, flashy new uniforms were ordered. Still, real improvement over last year's 3-8 record is probably a year away, largely because of this year's schedule which is a mini-tour of the Top 20. Miami opens at Ohio State, later plays Penn State, Alabama, Florida and Notre Dame. The defense is built around Middle Guard Don Latimer, but offense is where the main problem lies: no depth at quarterback. E. J. Baker missed three games last season with injuries and senior George Mason and freshman Kenny McMillian share a lack of experience. But there are two experienced fullbacks, Woody Bennett and Ken Johnson, and the halfback is Otis Jerome (O.J.) Anderson, who gained 918 yards as a sophomore. If Anderson can look enough like his namesake, Miami just may smash apart some bowl dreams like real Hurricanes.

Memphis State has 28 lettermen returning to a team that missed the NCAA fumble record (38) by four last season (it lost 34), had only three field goals, was ripped apart at midseason by a boycott of some black players and still had a 7-4 record. Ready to go is Quarterback Lloyd Patterson, who threw two touchdown passes in each of his first seven games, and 6' 3", 300-pound Offensive Tackle Ricky Jenkins.

Georgia Tech's upset victory over Notre Dame added little to its 4-6-1 record, but it may have foreshadowed the 1977 season. The young Yellow Jackets should improve with four-year Linebacker Lucius Sanford, Halfback Eddie Lee Ivery and Quarterback Gary Lanier returning. Florida State unveils passing whiz Jimmy Jordan, a sophomore who threw for 4,000 yards as a high school senior. With Halfback Larry Key, the all-time leading Seminole ground-gainer, and a veteran defense, bettering last

year's 5-6 record should be no problem. The same holds true of Tulane, which was 2-9 last season in Coach Larry Smith's rookie year. With 42 lettermen, including Quarterback Roch Hontis, Kicker Ed Murray (10 of 17 field goals) and Linebacker John Ammerman, the Green Wave could roll to six wins.

East Carolina and William & Mary have quit the Southern Conference, largely as a result of little national recognition. Last season East Carolina was 9-2, won its third conference title in five years and went bowl-less. Though 11 starters are gone, Linebacker Harold Randolph (108 tackles) will be there as the Pirates face a schedule that includes Duke, South Carolina and Southwest Louisiana. William & Mary, 7-4 last year, fields Tailback Jim Kruis (1,164 yards) and nine starters from a defense that ranked fifth in the nation against the pass.

Coach Jim Carlen has performed miracles at South Carolina, where back-to-back winning seasons equal just that—a miracle. The Gamecocks were 6-5 last year (7-4 in 1975), despite season-long injuries to Quarterback Ben Bass, who still completed 110 of 199 passes for 1,320 yards. If Bass stays healthy, South Carolina may have three straight winning seasons.

Cincinnati got through a brutal schedule last year with a 9-2 record, including wins over Arizona State and Louisville. The defense, among the nation's toughest, has eight starters back, including Linebacker Mike Woods and Safety Heard Robinson. The Bearcats' new coach, Ralph Staub, has an experienced backfield that includes Quarterback Art Bailey and Tailback Curtiss Williams. The last offense Staub built was Ohio State's. Louisville went from 1-10 to 4-7 in Coach Vance Gibson's first two years. "This year we learn to win," says Gibson, and with eager pupils like Tailback Calvin Prince (1,028 yards) and Linebacker Ricky Skiles, he has reason to be confident.

San Diego State used to be as air-oriented as Lockheed. Then along came David (Deacon) Turner, who rushed for 982 yards last year, despite missing all or part of five games. He returns along with 5' 5½", 180-pound Fullback Binky

Benton and Linebackers Whip Walton and Mike Douglass. The Aztecs can't be expected to improve much on 10-1, but they shouldn't do much worse.

Air Force hopes to better its 4-7 record on the strength of two sophomores who, as yearlings, led the Falcons to late-season wins over Arizona State and Wyoming. Dave Ziebart completed 19 of 26 passes for 339 yards against Wyoming, and David Thomas, a 6' 2", 235-pound fullback, ran for 440 yards and eight touchdowns, most of them in the final four games.

West Virginia has a nationally ranked battery—Quarterback Dan Kendra (113 completions) and Wide Receiver Steve Lewis (48 receptions), two fullbacks who combined for more than 1,000 yards and one of the nation's top schoolboy runners, Robert (The Great) Alexander—with which to improve a 5-6 record. Rutgers has the longest major-college winning streak in the country—18—but chances for 19 are slim, the Scarlet Knights open against Penn State. After that, only William & Mary, Tulane and Temple interrupt an otherwise easy trip. Boston College may improve on an 8-3 record, but must replace Glen Caprioli (1,003 yards). Neil Green could be the answer. In 30 minutes against Texas in last season's opener, he gained 113 yards, then was injured and lost for most of the year.

Navy started as many as eight plebes last season but came within an eyelash of upsetting Notre Dame and won three of its last four games. Coach George Welsh feels the Middies are capable of repeating their 7-4 performance of 1975. Syracuse was looking to return to the limelight in 1974 when it hired Coach Frank Maloney, one of Bo Schemmbecher's top assistants at Michigan. Last year the Orangemen went 3-8. This year, 6-5 looks like the best Maloney can hope for in the final year of his contract, and this anticipates a top performance from junior Quarterback Bill Hurley.

Learnon Hall is not a building at West Point, though someday it may be. Hall is the quarterback who has already smashed 18 Army passing records. He is back, along with 17 starters and Spartacus, the mule. Chances are good that last year's 5-6 record will be this year's.

CONFERENCES

Southwest

Coming off a 5-5-1 season—worst in Darrell Royal's two decades as head coach—Texas, under new Coach Fred Akers, hopes to bounce back with a revamped offense geared around the running ability of 225-pound Earl Campbell. Akers' first move was to scrap the wishbone, which confined Campbell to banging up the middle. This year Texas will run from the veer, allowing Campbell to use his speed and exceptional strength on pitchouts, and from the I, with Campbell at tailback. "I was afraid they'd do something like this," says Oklahoma Defensive Coach Larry Lacewell. "At tailback Campbell will be almost unfair."

Akers also plans for Texas to throw the ball quite a bit to Campbell. Texas may also have two of the finest wide receivers in the school's history. One is senior Split End Alfred Jackson, the other is sophomore Flanker Johnny (Lam) Jones, the Olympic sprinter. Used at running back last year, Jones finished second to Campbell in team rushing. If the offense sputters, there is always Russell Erxleben, the nation's leading punter (46.6) who also kicked 12 field goals last season, including a 57-yarder. Should the largely untested defensive unit come through, Texas will be tough.

Another coach stepping into the role of spoiler is Lou Holtz, who takes over for Frank Broyles at Arkansas. Like Texas, the Razorbacks will rely on exceptional speed to make their veer go. And the similarities don't end there. Arkansas also has an outstanding kicker in Steve Little, whose longest placement last year was 61 yards. What could make the difference is that Holtz has a veteran defensive unit. Last year Baylor had a surprisingly good season (7-3-1), but graduation has rattled both the offensive and defensive teams, and it would be a shock if the Bears could do as well. Another young team is Rice, which under Coach Homer Rice threw 504 times last year. The Owls will probably keep firing, but Quarterback Tommy Kramer is gone and the intricacies of Rice's triple-pocket combination take time to master. In conference play last year SMU was 2-6; this year things could get worse. For instance, Ohio State is the last warmup before SMU closes out the season entirely with

SWC opponents. TCU has not had a winning football team since 1971. New Coach F. A. Dry, from Tulsa, where his teams won or shared four Missouri Valley Conference titles, inherits 39 lettermen—including Receiver Mike Renfro, who seems to have his dad Ray's ability, with 42 receptions last year, 49 the year before—and a near hopeless task.

Big Ten

The Big Ten has two new coaches, Gary Moeller at Illinois and Jim Young at Purdue. Both played for Woody Hayes at Ohio State. Moeller was a linebacker and captain in 1962 and Young a fullback in the 1950s. Both have also been defensive coordinators for Michigan's Bo Schembechler. They would also love to break the stranglehold their former mentors have on the Big Ten title. They won't. While both Illinois and Purdue recruited well, neither is a threat in 1977. Moeller has installed a Michigan-style five-man line in hopes of plugging the Illinois defense that gave up 22 points a game last year. On offense, senior Quarterback Kurt Steiger will have 6' 7" Dan Melsik and 6' 8" Rich Grimmett at the tackle spots for protection. Purdue upset Michigan 16-14 last year but finished in a four-way tie for third with Minnesota, Indiana and Illinois, each 4-4 in conference play. Young may have a wealth of Big Ten experience, but that is not the case with his team—particularly on offense, where Purdue will have new faces at quarterback, tailback and at all but one position on the offensive line.

Last season Michigan State was the Big Ten's premier passing team. Asked why his Spartans threw so much, second-year Coach Darryl Rogers said, "If I was winning all our games, except the Rose Bowl, I'd run, too." Given the Spartans' prospects, Quarterback Eddie Smith will still be in there pitching. Last year he passed for 1,749 yards and 13 touchdowns, seven of them to the conference's top receiver, Kirk Gibson. The Smith-Gibson combo is back, but so is a porous rush defense that gave up 256 yards per game as Michigan State went 4-6-1.

Indiana's starting backfield returns, including sophomore Tailback Mike Har kraider. His 1,003 yards rushing was second best among returnees in the Big Ten.

And Coach Lee Corso has more good news. "We have Michigan right where we want them—off the schedule," he says.

Although Minnesota and Wisconsin have nine and seven defensive starters back respectively, neither has a veteran quarterback. Iowa will be trying to improve on its most successful season (5-6) in seven years, but it will take an upset or two to pull it off.

Pacific Eight

Up in the rainy, title-starved Northwest, two perennial league also-rans probably will also run again, but at least they'll give their fans some excitement. Washington State Quarterback Jack Thompson threw 20 touchdown passes last season. His favorite targets, Mike Levenseller (67 receptions) and Dan Doernink, also return. There are 10 starters back on defense, and Coach Warren Powers doesn't plan to let them give up an average of 30 points a game again. At Oregon, new Coach Rich Brooks can call on Quarterback Jack Henderson, who had 157 completions in 298 attempts for 1,582 yards last season. Washington Quarterback Warren Moon is not considered to be in Thompson's or Henderson's class as a passer, but the Huskies should be the top team north of California. Their big gun is Tailback Ron Rowland, who last year gained 1,000 yards, and they have another good runner in soph Joe Steele, who averaged 5.5 yards a carry as a freshman. Second-year Coach Craig Fertig had a good recruiting year at Oregon State, but coming off a 2-10 season and facing a tougher schedule, the Beavers can count this as a rebuilding year.

In the Bay Area, California is expected to get a lot of scoring from Placekicker Jim (Into The) Breech, who has water-boy dimensions (5' 7", 165 pounds) but goes into the season only 10 field goals shy of the conference record of 44. The Bears also have one of the better defenses in the West, led by 6' 5", 245-pound End Ralph DeLoach and Bears Ken McAllister and Anthony Green. The Golden Bear offense will feature a pair of sophs, Quarterback Eric Anderson and 6' 2", 225-pound Fullback Paul Jones. "We won't rely so heavily

continued

on one star to carry us as in the past years," says Coach Mike White. "but rather we will have the strength in all areas."

In a league loaded with fine passers, Stanford's Guy Benjamin could turn out to be the best. A 6' 4" senior, Benjamin was third in the nation in passing last year and fifth in total offense. New Coach Bill Walsh is blessed at other positions, too—Offensive Tackle Gordon King and Linebacker Gordy Ceresino are both potential All-Americans. Except for a lack of depth, Stanford would be contending for the league title, and Walsh has been working on that. He brought in 34 recruits. There were 14 the year before.

Missouri Valley

A 46-yard field goal by freshman Steve Cox with five seconds remaining in the 1976 season allowed Tulsa (7-4-1) to gain a share of the conference title it had won or shared the previous three years. But although Cox will be around three more seasons, the Golden Hurricane's championship streak is in jeopardy. For the second year in a row Tulsa must replace a top-flight quarterback. Last season it was Jeb Blount; this time it is Ron Hickerson, who passed for 1,554 yards, 12th best in the nation. Junior Quarterback Dave Rader is the probable choice, and with Wide Receiver Cornell Webster (32 receptions last year) unexpectedly signing with the Seattle Seahawks. Tight End Marcus Hatley will be a marked man. New Mexico State was co-champ with Tulsa despite an overall 4-6-1 record. One of five Valley schools that did not draw 50,000 fans for the entire season, the Aggies are building a \$4 million stadium. Coach Jim Bradley has promised local partisans lots of passing, so Split End Stanley Sam (31 catches for 392 yards) will be busy.

It is ironic that West Texas State (4-5-2) will challenge New Mexico State for the championship—the Buffalo athletic department and regents have been seriously considering giving up football. Opponents are crossing their fingers because new Coach Bill Yung has 10 offensive starters on hand, including the Valley's No. 1, 3 and 4 rushers—Robert Mayberry (843 yards), Bo Robinson (725) and Anthony Dogan (596). West Texas is going to need all that offense, because last year the defense surrendered 41 points in a victory over N.E. Louisiana, 50 in a loss to Houston and 34 more on

an embarrassing Saturday in Des Moines when Drake (1-10) got its only win. Drake was mighty generous itself, allowing an average 38.5 points per game. Quarterback Dan Dodd (6' 6", 235 pounds) has a tall assignment.

Southern Illinois (7-4)—along with Indiana State a newcomer to the Valley—would have lent badly needed prestige to the conference if Running Back Andre Herrera (1,588 yards) were around for a fifth season. But the Salukis believe senior Gary Linton is capable of similar effort. Indiana State (3-7) is not coming on as fast in football as it is in basketball, but the Sycamores should continue to improve.

Wichita State (4-7) offered a \$60 rebate to season-ticket holders whenever the Shockers lost a home game last year. The Total Confidence Plan, as it was called, was deemed a huge success when State paid off on only two of five. The Shockers, who play the toughest schedule in the Valley, are powered by Fullback Jeff Haney, who had 221 yards rushing against Tulsa.

Western Athletic

Arizona has a new coach, Tony Mason, who is noted for teaching good defense. He will have excellent material to work with, notably Tackles Jon Abbott and John Sangumetti among his eight returning starters. On offense the Wildcats have two starters back at quarterback, senior Marc Lunsford, who was injured much of last year, and sophomore Jim Krohn. Lunsford will probably get his job back. Mason can also call on Placekicker Lee Pistor, who has set four Arizona kicking records. The Wildcats, who move to the Pac-8 next year, would love to leave the WAC champions, but so would Arizona State. The meeting on Nov. 26 should decide the title. Wyoming, the 1976 champion, also has a new coach—Bill Lewis, formerly an Arkansas assistant. He has All-Leaguers Walter Howard at tight end and Dennis Baker at offensive tackle, but little chance to make the Fiesta Bowl again. Utah has a new coach, too—Wayne Howard, from Cal State Long Beach. Howard brought a truckload of California JC transfers with him and inherited Wide Receiver Jack Steptoe, who had 38 catches for 752 yards and nine TDs last season. Junior-college transfer Randy Gomez will replace Quarterback Pat Degnan, who quit.

Texas-El Paso has 14 starters return-

ing, but the Miners sank to 1-11 last year. Yes, there is a new coach in El Paso, also: Bill Michael. New Mexico plays three conference champions (Texas Tech, Colorado and BYU) in a row on the road after opening against Hawaii. Adios, Lobos. Colorado State could be the spoilers. The Rams had the best defense in the WAC last season and all but two starters are back, while on offense the entire backfield returns.

Big Eight

Considering the attention devoted to the Heisman Trophy in recent years, it is surprising to note that not since 1964, when Notre Dame's John Huarte won the statuette, have the preseason candidates been so obscure. By December, however, Oklahoma State's Terry Miller should be a household word.

A six-foot, 196-pound halfback from Colorado Springs, Miller attracted enough national attention last year when he rushed for 1,541 yards to finish fourth in the Heisman balloting. He topped the 100-yard mark eight times, including a pair of 200-yard efforts, led the Cowboys to a share of the Big Eight title (their first) and added 173 yards and four TDs in State's 49-21 rout of BYU in the Tangerine Bowl. Miller scored 23 touchdowns in all, but will have to work harder this fall, with every one of his offensive linemen gone. The defensive unit has also been hurt by graduation, and there is a possibility that the NCAA will slap Oklahoma State with some sort of probation for recruiting violations.

Last year Missouri showed 'em everywhere but at home. Among the Tigers' victims were USC (46-25), Ohio State (22-21) and Nebraska (34-24), a remarkable toll. But Missouri finished 6-5, being upset at home by the likes of Illinois and Kansas, which nearly cost Coach Al Onorrio his job. Returning Quarterback Pete Woods is a superb runner who also completed a 98-yard pass to overcome Nebraska. Slobback Joe Stewart, who caught that pass, flagged down 44 others for a total of 834 yards. But the interior line has only one returning starter, and the defensive backfield has been stripped of first-stringers.

Iowa State was 8-3 last year and finished second to Michigan in nationwide total offense—and still did not get a bowl bid. Halfback Dexter Green (1,074 yards) will make the Cyclones a factor in the league race, although this year's

big game will be a non-conference bash against intrastate rival Iowa on Sept. 17. The two haven't played each other in 43 years, and a Des Moines Register poll indicated that half a million Iowans would attend the game if they could get tickets.

Kansas (6-5) saved a winning season with that 41-14 victory at Missouri and Coach Bud Moore hopes that the architect of the win, Quarterback Mark Vicensse, has similar surprises in store. Kansas State (1-10), which hasn't won a Conference game in two years, should win at least once with the entire offensive starting lineup returning, including Quarterback Wendell Henrikson. A walk-on last year, Henrikson threw for 1,066 yards in seven games.

Pacific Coast A.A.

Since San Diego State quit the Pacific Coast Athletic Association three years ago, this has been a much weaker conference. To illustrate, defending champ San Jose State's 1976 record was 4-0 in league play but 7-4 overall. This year, the second under Coach Lynn Stiles, San Jose should repeat, even though Stiles claims 1977 will be a "building year," with only two starters returning on offense. But he has a potentially powerful passing combination in Quarterback Ed Luther and Tight End Vic Rakshshani, who was All-PCAA as a freshman. Fresno State's Jim Sweeney is also in his second year as head coach and he claims to have "the most exciting veer option quarterback in the country" in Dean Jones, who rolled up 1,342 yards of total offense last season. Junior Placekicker Vince Petrucci's 28 consecutive extra-point conversions is already a school record. Three of the four Bulldogs in the defensive backfield made first or second team All-Conference in '76.

At Cal State Long Beach, new Coach Dave Currey, a former Stanford assistant, will emphasize passing. The quarterback will be redshirt Paul McGaffigan or JC transfer Jim Freitas, younger brother of ex-San Diego Charger Quarterback Jesse Freitas. Cal State Fullerton has 15 starters returning from a 3-7 team, including Tight End Bruce Abraham and Wide Receiver Marcus Williams, who between them accounted for more than half of the team's total yardage last season. Pacific is changing from the veer to the I to accommodate Running Back Bruce Gibson, but it won't help much unless some blockers are found.

Atlantic Coast

There is not a team in the ACC with realistic hopes of stopping Maryland from winning its fourth straight conference title. But the ACC's second division—and that includes everyone from Duke to Virginia—will be bounding like hares in pursuit of the Terrapins.

It is no secret how Duke plans to move. "Run with Dunn" is Coach Mike Gee's slogan. And why not? Quarterback Mike Dunn amassed 1,835 yards of total offense for the 5-5-1 Blue Devils last year—1,078 passing and 757 running. This year Dunn has Split End Tom Hall back to haul in his passes.

Bo Rein, who took over as coach at North Carolina State in 1976, had a discouraging 3-7-1 season and said, "Well, we left ourselves a lot of room for improvement." A little help on the offensive and defensive lines will go a long way, because the Wolfpack already has good-looking backfields on both units. Ted Brown rushed for 2,001 yards and 26 touchdowns his first two years, and Quarterback Johnny Evans ran and passed for 1,459 last year. The secondary is equally experienced, and 1975 All-ACC Cornerback Ralph Stringer, who was injured last season, is ready for action. North Carolina must replace Mike Voght, who did 50% of all the ball carrying and led the Tarheels to a 9-3 record last season. Matt Kupec will be returning at quarterback and the defense again features 6'4", 252-pound Tackle Dee Hardison.

Wake Forest may have the next Tony Dorsett in sophomore James McDougald, one of only four freshmen in NCAA history to exceed 1,000 yards rushing. Clemson has a new coach, Charley Pell, who formerly ran the Tigers' defensive unit, which was not bad. But last season the offense averaged only 15.7 points a game, so Pell has dropped the veer and installed an I. Even Virginia seems to be on an upswing of sorts. Last year the Cavaliers allowed their opponents an average of 416 yards a game, which was almost a 100-yard improvement over the year before.

Southern

Let's see now. Champion East Carolina and runner-up William & Mary have gone independent. VMI, which planned on dropping out, changed its mind, and Davidson is still a member even though it plays only one conference game and is

ineligible for the title. UT-Chattanooga, Western Carolina and Marshall have joined the conference, upping membership from seven to eight. Confused?

Well, anyway, Appalachian State is the favorite. The Mountaineer defense is a trademark, and eight starters are returning to an offense that ranked second in the conference to East Carolina last season. If anything, State, which was 6-4-1 last year, should be better. The heat is off Running Backs Scott McConnell and Emmitt Hamilton now that Quarterback Robby Price, the conference offensive leader two years ago, has fully recovered from a knee injury. VMI's hopes are soaring with Placekicker Craig Jones, who hit on 15 of 18 field-goal attempts, and 16 returning key starters, who helped spark a four-game win streak at the end of last season.

The spoiler might be UT-Chattanooga, which was 6-4-1 against tougher opposition last year. Coach Joe Morrison can call on 41 returnees, 15 of them starters, and in Greg Carter he has a punter with a 44.2-yard average. Western Carolina again features Tailback Darrell Lipford, who rushed for 1,074 yards in nine games, but the Catamounts will be hard pressed to match their 6-4 record now that foci like Presbyterian and Lenoir Rhyne are off the schedule. For the first time, Marshall is eligible for the conference title, but the Thundering Herd was 4-7 last year and is not considered a contender.

The Citadel has the league's No. 1 passer in Marty Crosby, but even so, the Bulldogs scored only 47 points in five SC games. Furman, 6-4-1 last season, faces a massive rebuilding job.

Southeastern

When Georgia clinched the SEC title last November, Coach Vince Dooley kept a promise by shaving his head. Dooley's hair is back, but his offense isn't, and he'd probably prefer it the other way around. The Bulldogs ranked 11th in the land and No. 1 in the SEC both in rushing (3,075 yards) and scoring (324 points) and they controlled the football a whopping 73 plays a game. All but two linemen are gone and only Tailback Kevin McLee returns in the backfield. Seven members of the "Junkyard Dog" defense are back, most notably All-SEC Rover Bill Krag and Linebacker Ben Zambiasi. But Dooley isn't overly optimistic. "Much of our effectiveness was a tribute

continued

Will you outlive the

We'd like some changes to insure that you don't.

Your financial security is our business. And we believe Social Security is a sound base for your financial planning. That's why the life insurance business is committed to keeping Social Security healthy. Right now there is a serious financial imbalance in the system. The Administration, and others, are currently proposing to Congress methods of correcting this weakness. We agree with some of these methods, but not all.

What's the Problem?

The Social Security system is only as sound as its financing. And we share the general concern that it will run into difficulties unless some changes are made soon.

The immediate problem is that there is more money being paid out in benefits than is being collected in Social Security taxes. If things are allowed to continue as they are now, the Retirement Trust Fund could be depleted by 1983 and the Disability Trust Fund could be depleted by 1979.

The major long-range problem is twofold. First, a technical flaw exists in the present law, which gives a double credit for the rise in cost of living to people retiring in the future. Thus they will be receiving much larger retirement benefits than intended. The second problem is a result of a shift in the balance of our population. Because of a lower birthrate, fewer people will be joining the work force, while more people will be entering retirement. That means, there will be fewer Americans paying Social Security taxes than anticipated, and more collecting retirement benefits.

The Social Security Philosophy.

The Social Security system was not devised as a welfare program. The funding of Social Security has always been self-supporting, based on equal contributions by employers and employees. Because of these contributions, the person who works is assured of Social Security benefits, as a matter of right.

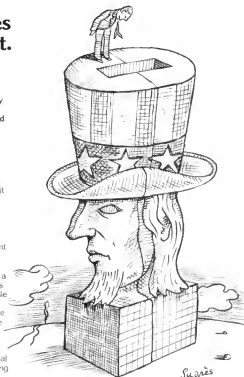
Administration Proposals We Agree With.

TRANSFER OF FUNDS. At present the Old Age and Survivors portion of Social Security is in a stronger position than the Disability portion. The Administration suggests that a larger part of the

financing be assigned to the Disability fund. In view of the greater need for funds in the Disability area, we agree.

EQUALITY OF THE SEXES. Because of recent court decisions that remove sex discrimination from Survivors' and Dependents' benefits, some people are receiving benefits without having been dependent in reality. The Administration recommends, and we agree, that an additional provision should be required to limit Dependents' benefits to those who earn the lesser income.

TAX ON SELF-EMPLOYED. Historically, the Social Security tax for self-employed persons has been one and one-half times the rate for employees. Legislation in 1965 limited the self-employed rate to



Social Security system?

a maximum of 7% of covered wages, which was reached in 1973. The Administration proposes, and we agree, that the original rate of one and one-half times the rate for employees be restored.

Administration Proposals We Would Modify.

AUTOMATIC INCREASES. The current law provides for automatic increases in Social Security payments to parallel the government's Cost of Living Index. Those who are already retired benefit directly through increased monthly Social Security payments. Future benefits for people still working, in effect, are adjusted twice. First, because wages rise when prices rise, increasing the average earnings on which Social Security benefits are based. Second, the same adjustment that increased the benefits for retired workers also applies on top of that initial increase. So the person entering retirement gets a double adjustment. A similar problem also exists in the computation of Disability benefits.

We agree with the Administration that this is undesirable because, if unchecked, it would eventually mean that many people will receive more from Social Security than they earned prior to retirement, and many people will receive excessive Disability payments. This would place a tremendous strain upon the Social Security system and the entire American economy.

However, in correcting this double adjustment for inflation (technically called decoupling), the Administration's proposal should be further modified, restoring the original relationship of benefits to wages that existed prior to 1972, without affecting the benefits currently being paid.

INCREASES IN TAX RATES. A 1% increase in the tax rate on both employers and employees is now scheduled for the year 2011. The Administration proposes that one quarter of this increase would become effective in 1985 and the remainder in 1990. We support the general principle of adoption of tax rate increases necessary to finance the Social Security system, but we recommend increases earlier than 1985; specifically, we propose a modest immediate Social Security tax increase of .5% on both employers and employees, to be followed by a .25% increase in the 1980's.

Administration Proposals We Disagree With.

INCREASING THE WAGE BASE FOR EMPLOYEES. The Administration is asking for specific future increases in the taxable wage base, above what the current law provides. We believe this is undesirable. Since benefits depend on the wage base, this would result in unduly expanding the

Social Security system. We recommend that as the level of wages goes up, the wage base should be increased, as present law prescribes.

EMPLOYERS' TAX. The Administration proposes that the employer's contribution be based on the employee's total salary. We strongly disagree with this, because the employer would be unfairly taxed and this would be harmful to the economy.

GENERAL REVENUE FINANCING. The Administration proposes to get further Social Security funds from general revenues whenever unemployment is over 6%. We strongly disagree with this. Social Security should continue as a self-supporting program. Using general revenues invites open-ended spending. This would put the Social Security program, along with welfare programs, in political competition for funds from general taxes.

Social Security for All.

There are people who are not in the Social Security system, and we believe that the entire United States working force, including all government employees, should participate in the Social Security program. This would further strengthen the Social Security system.

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to ball control," he says. "Now we might find that we're not big enough to spend a lot of time on the field."

Once-mighty LSU rebounded from losing seasons in '74 and '75 with a 6-4-1 record last year, and if it weren't for a missed field goal against Nebraska and a dropped TD pass at Florida, the Tigers would have had a bowl bid. Coach Charlie McClendon enters his 16th season in Baton Rouge with a softer schedule and 10 solid veterans, including Quarterback Steve Ensminger, who reminds folks of ex-Tiger passer Bert Jones. Tailback Terry Robiskie, the school's alltime rushing leader, is gone, but McClendon says his replacement, Charles Alexander, "will run right into the record books."

Johnny Majors comes home to Tennessee (6-5) and Volunteer fans hope he can rework the magic he used to turn Pitt into a national champ. Majors' secret there was recruiting 140 players his first two years. The NCAA doesn't permit that kind of wholesale shopping anymore, and the current Vol squad is too light to contend with its SEC rivals, to say nothing of getting a bowl bid.

Vanderbilt (2-9) and Auburn (3-8) won't be going to any bowl games either, not until their defenses stop giving up points, as they did last year (249 a game). The Commodores' sickouts are Defensive End Dennis Harrison, who is 6'8", 272, and Receiver Martin Cox, Auburn's best, are Running Backs William Andrews and Joe Cribbs.

Bad news: Mississippi lost its last three games by a combined score of 105-16. Worse news: almost everybody is back.

Ivy League

You don't need a Ph.D. in probability to figure out this bottom line. A "C" in Logic 101 is enough to conclude that Yale, which shared the league title with Brown last year, is loaded. The Eli offense will roll with Halfback John Pagliaro, who averaged 5.7 yards a carry, rushed for 1,023 yards and scored 16 TDs. All-Ivy Guard Steve Carfara and Tackle Jim McDonnell will open the way, and left-handed Quarterback Bob Rizzo can count on junior John Spagnola to make another dozen impossible receptions.

The most likely challengers are Brown, if it finds a replacement for All-Ivy Quarterback Paul Michalko, and Dartmouth, which has Running Backs Curt Oberg and Sam Coffey, who combined for 1,337 yards a year ago, plus a seasoned defense

that blanked Penn and Cornell. Dartmouth Tackles Greg Robinson and Ken Jansson, a 250-pound All-American weighman in track, both know how to buttonhole a ballcarrier.

Upset-minded Harvard and Cornell could determine the 1977 champion. Crimson Coach Joe Ristic plans to continue confusing opponents with his multi-talented offense. Unfortunately, Jim Ku-backi, who ran the show for Harvard the past two seasons, is gone and it might take time—say, half a season—for his replacement, Tim Davenport, to figure out all the permutations. Cornell is now coached by Bob Blackman, who won more Ivy League games and championships than anyone else—when he was coaching at Dartmouth.

Princeton may have troubles on defense, and Penn is in need of a running attack and a quarterback. The Quakers do have All-Ivy Punter Rich Serino and most of a defense that held Brown and Princeton to a total of 15 points. Lowly Columbia had an All-League guard in John Garland. Alas, he graduated.

Southland

Until last year no Southland school had ever been invited to a post-season game, but the Independence Bowl picked conference champion McNeese State (4-1 in league play, 10-2 overall) for its inaugural game and the Cowboys upset heavily favored Tulsa 20-16. With 17 of last year's starters returning, McNeese sees another bowl game on the horizon. Two senior quarterbacks—Terry McFarland and Jim Morvant—direct an offense that scored an average of 25 points a game in 1976. The Cowboys' veteran defense will be led by Linebacker Doug Fruge and Cornerback Charles Jefferson.

But it will be no cakewalk. Indeed, it looks more like a dogfight with Southwestern Louisiana, 9-2 in 1976. The Ragin' Cajons have lost most of their offensive line through graduation, but Quarterback Roy Henry, who threw for 1,709 yards last year, is back for another season. Texas-Arlington is a wishbone team that will be counting on Fullback Derrick Jensen, who was eighth in rushing in the nation last year with 1,266 yards. Louisiana Tech has lost Billy Ryckman, the nation's leading receiver in 1976, and Quarterback Steve Haynes (ranked No. 14 in passing) and can only hope that its experienced defense can keep the door barred. Running is the strength of the

Lamar University Cardinals, who can break Fullback Jeff Bergeron around end or Halfback Kevin Bell up the middle. But its success depends on junior college line transfers. Arkansas State is hoping a wholesale infusion of transfers—14 in all—will make it a contender.

Mid-American

Western Michigan is the closest thing the Mid-American Conference has to a bona fide Top 20 candidate, but please excuse the national pollsters if they don't rush to rank the Broncos. The MAC had a breakthrough last year when Miami was ranked among the best in the country before the season. Then Miami had its first losing campaign in 34 years.

By blending youth and experience, Coach Elliot Uzelac of Western Michigan could produce the right combination for this year's title. Junior Tailback Jerome Persell is the nation's leading scorer and rusher now that Tony Dorset is a pro. Last season he set the MAC rushing record (1,505 yards) and tied the scoring mark (11.8 points per game). If the opposition keys on Persell, State can turn to two strong fullbacks, Keith Rogien and Doug Lincoln. If the ground game falters—the Broncos lost an All-Conference center and both tackles—sophomore Quarterback Albert Little can pass to walk-on Wingback Craig Frazier. Nine of 11 starters are back from a unit that led the NCAA in defense against the pass.

Defending champion Ball State said farewell to 15 starters, including Quarterback Art Yaroch and Tailback Earl Taylor, and figures to finish in the second division. Ohio University could be a Bronco breaker, with senior Tailback Arnold Welcher trying for his third consecutive 1,000-yard season. Central Michigan's bid is led by senior Tight End Wayne Schwabach, who also ranked third in punting (38.3-yard average) in the conference. Bowling Green's new coach, Denny Stolz (in 1975 he was head coach at Michigan State), inherits a rich offense but no defense. Kent State will count on Mike Zele, the league's top defensive lineman, while chagrined Miami will rely on Middle Guard Jack Glowik to anchor its defense.

Eastern Michigan has a potential first-round pro draft pick in senior Defensive Back Ron Johnson, but along with Toledo and Northern Illinois, the Hurons figure to end up anywhere from eighth to 10th in the MAC standings.

CONTINUED

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		Highway	City
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Civic CVCC* (1488cc)			
Sedan	4-Speed	50 (46)	39 (35)
	Handamatic	37 (34)	32 (28)
Hatchback	4-Speed	54 (51)	41 (34)
	Handamatic	41 (37)	30 (28)
Wagon	4-Speed	32 (32)	27 (25)
	Handamatic		

Accord CVCC* (1600cc)			
Hatchback	5-Speed	48 (47)	38 (33)
	Handamatic	31 (32)	26 (25)

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HONDA
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An advertisement for Jarman Razorbacks shoes. The main focus is three red leather boat shoes with tan laces, arranged diagonally on a large, weathered log. In the background, a young couple is shown in a romantic pose, with the woman smiling up at the man. They are wearing casual outdoor clothing. The overall scene is set outdoors with a blurred background of trees and foliage.

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SMALL COLLEGES

But for the vocal support of once and future alumni and the vested interest of NFL clubs, which glean one-third of their players from its ranks, small-college football performs in obscurity, largely ignored by network television, Vegas odds-makers and bowl games.

The smalls deserve better. Small may mean fewer scholarships, gate receipts, platoons without meaning less (enthusiasm, dedication, excitement). And the smalls also have something their more publicized peers would do well to match—a national championship determined through playoffs, not by the vagaries of a wire-service poll.

This season, along with the playoffs that decide who is No. 1 in NCAA Divisions II and III and in the NAIA, small-college football also offers some additional attention-grabbers.

Butler's 6' 7", 225-pound Ed Thompson, for instance, is probably the world's tallest quarterback. Charlie Smoke is a pass receiver who should leave scorch marks on defensive backs covering Troy State (Ala.), a member of the Gulf South Conference, in which Jacksonville State will be represented by an updated version of the Vow Boys. The Gamecocks are dedicating their season to the memory of their late coach, Clarkie Mayfield, a victim of the Southgate (Ky.) supper-club fire last spring.

At Nebraska-Omaha, Danny (Steam Machine) Fulton will improve his Division II pass-reception-yardage record every time he catches the ball. In 1976 Fulton's receiving accounted for 1,581 yards and 16 touchdowns and he hauled in a scoring bomb of at least 40 yards in each of UNO's first eight games. His touchdown total was the highest in all of college football, and Ohio State is not likely to match him when it comes to generating excitement.

As for the best teams, Montana State Coach Sonny Holland says, "We'd like to go on thinking we're No. 1 until someone knocks us off." The Bobcats may hold that thought all season long. Last year Montana State finished with a 12-1 record, the Big Sky Conference and Division II championships and a 10-game winning streak, each of which contributes to a feeling that the Big Sky crown, if nothing more, will remain in Bozeman.

"I figure if we can make it through in the Big Sky again, we'll be well on our way toward defending our national title," says Holland, "because I think the Big Sky is the toughest Division II league in the country." It also will be the best-roofed once Northern Arizona completes its domed stadium, adding to those already existing at Idaho and Idaho State, thereby affording players fewer occasions to see the thing that gave the conference its name.

Montana State strengths include a solid offensive line built around Tight End Ron McCullough and Guard Lee Washburn, and southpaw Quarterback Paul Dennehy, a junior who personally accounted for 1,373 yards and 21 touchdowns and directed the Bobcats' ball-control offense to an average of 26 points and 287 yards rushing per game. Holland's concerns include defensive depth and the loss of Tailback Tom Kostbru, who left school to play in the Canadian Football League after his sophomore season. Even on top, life in the smalls isn't easy.

Montana State's rivals for national honors include New Hampshire, which the Bobcats edged 17-16 at Bozeman in the first round of the Division II playoffs; North Dakota State, a 10-3 loser to MSU in the semifinals; and the Akron University Zips, who were undone in the title game. Other contenders include Delaware, Northern Michigan and Bethune-Cookman.

New Hampshire has 15 starters back, including Tailback Bill Burnham, who, despite a chronic ankle weakness, has rushed for more than 1,100 yards in each of the last two seasons.

North Dakota State went through its North Central Conference schedule without a loss in 1976, and with 17 starters returning the Bison are heavily fa-

vored to win the Yankee Conference title again.

Akron's Jim Dennison, the 1976 College Division Coach of the Year, says, "We should have a darn good team. We won't be as fast as last year but we could be stronger." The Zips' strength is their defensive unit. Its mainstay is Middle Linebacker Steve Cockerham, a first-team Kodak All-America last season. Offensively, Akron raves about its junior quarterback, while play-by-play announcers fervently wish he would take his act to volleyball. His name is Marty Bezbutchenko.

Delaware went through a rebuilding program last season, and still had an 8-2-1 record, won the Lamber Cup and produced the All-East Rookie of the Year, Quarterback Jeff Komlo.

Northern Michigan, the 1975 Division II champ, could win the title again now that Quarterback Steve Marucci is sound. Marucci, who passed for 14 touchdowns and had 2,446 yards of total offense last season, broke his wrist in a game against Delaware, one week before the Wildcats were ousted in the playoff semifinals.

Northern Michigan's first four games will be the key to the season. Opening on the road against North Dakota State, the Wildcats meet Northern Iowa, Western Illinois and Akron before things ease off. "If we can survive," says Coach Gil Krueger, "we can be good." One thing the Wildcats will be is dazzling. Marucci runs a pro set based on bombs and big plays.

Bethune-Cookman, which gave the NFL Larry Little and Boobie Clark, hopes to improve its 9-2 record en route to a fourth straight conference title. Offensively, the Wildcats' big ambitions will be dependent on tiny Reggie Beverly, a 5' 7", 165-pound quarterback whom Coach Andy Hinson lauds for quickness and "a good brain."

Independents will be the best of the small colleges in the West. Nevada, Las Vegas and Nevada, Reno, two teams that do make the parlay cards, will contend for headlines all season long before their "state title" showdown on Nov. 19. For high-rolling offense, however, Portland State will be the team to watch, especially if the Vikings can keep their wide-

(continued)

THE STAFF

Scouting reports on the Top 20 teams, the conferences, the independents and the small colleges were prepared by Mike DeNagro, Kent Hannon, Joe Jares, Melissa Ludtke, John Papanek, Pat Putnam, Ron Reid and Morton Sharnik.

open "run and shoot" offense going as well as they did last season, which was good enough to lead the nation in total offense and Division II in passing.

With the possible exception of the Tampa Bay Buccaneers, Texas A&I may be the most predictable team in football—as well as the class of the NAIA. The Javelinas last lost a game in 1973 and are currently working on a 39-game winning streak, the second longest in college football history.

Despite the retirement of Coach Gil Steinke after 23 years, the A&I string should grow as the Kingsville school shoots for a berth in the Apple Bowl at the Seattle Kingdome, where the Javelinas hope to win a fourth straight NAIA championship. Their star is Running Back Larry Collins, who is shooting for his fourth 1,000-yard season, a feat heretofore accomplished only by Tony Dorsett. Another offensive standout is Wide Receiver Glenn Starks, who caught 61 passes for 1,156 yards and 14 touchdowns a year ago. New Coach Fred Jonas has one big problem: finding a quarterback to hand off to Collins and pass to Starks, but his defensive unit, which calls itself "the Border Bandits," has eight starters back.

Threats to the A&I streak will come from such Lone Star Conference rivals as Abilene Christian, East Texas State and Southwest Texas State. In the playoffs, the Javelinas conceivably could have their success ended by Central Arkansas (46 lettermen), Elon or Western State College of Gunnison, Colo. Western State, incidentally, was recently put on NCAA probation, but no one in Gunnison seemed to mind.

"Big deal," said Athletic Director Tracy Borah. "We don't receive any benefits from the NCAA anyway. We've never been invited to a postseason NCAA event and we've never gotten any TV money either."

College football's smallest category includes the team that profits most from hometown talent. That would be St. John's of Collegeville, Minn., last season's Division III champion and a school recruiting entirely from Minnesota. St. John's had a 10-1-1 record and led the nation in scoring and total offense. Other contenders include Wittenberg, a perennial Division III powerhouse; Hanover; Towson State; and Buena Vista, the juggernaut from Storm Lake, Iowa that got off 114 plays in a game last year.

CONTINUED

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**The oil that saves you gas
...saves you oil changes.**

SO IT HAS COME TO PASS

This is the season when even ordinarily conservative, defense-minded coaches rediscover the forward pass. If they don't use it more themselves, it certainly will be used against them with greater frequency than in years. The reason lies not in a desire to live more recklessly on Saturday afternoons, but in the columns of statistics that pour out of the NCAA office. The digits add up to an inescapable conclusion: defenses have caught up to the wishbone.

Last year pass completion percentage rose to 47.44% nationwide, the all-time high. Passes attempted and passing yardage also shot up, while rushing attempts and rushing yardage dropped—a synchronism that had not occurred since 1966. What's more, yards per rush, the main measure of rushing efficiency and a figure that increased each season from 1967 to 1975, fell dramatically in 1976. Clearly what is developing is another cycle in the evolution of football. As the 5-2 defense annihilated the straight T and the roving linebacker choked off the wing T, new defenses are catching up with run-dominated offenses, particularly the wishbone.

Invented in 1952 by a junior high school coach in Fort Worth, the wishbone was first used in a college football game in 1968 when Texas turned it loose on Houston on national television. What the nation saw that day was a deceptive attack whereby, in some unobvious manner, the quarterback could select a ballcarrier long after a play began to develop. The landmark game ended in a 20-20 tie, but Texas quickly ironed out the wrinkles and went on to win nine straight, including the Cotton Bowl. Houston polished its attack, too—something called the veer,

Now that defenses have caught up with the wishbone, more and more college teams will be seeking victory through air power

by MIKE DELNAGRO

which amounted to a wishbone with an extra pass receiver instead of a running back—and rang up 562 yards a game that year, then an NCAA record. Soon wishbones and veers were proliferating. Oklahoma adopted the wishbone in 1970, and the next year the Sooners fine-tuned it to gain 566.5 yards a game, a record that still stands. As one bedraggled Sooner opponent put it, "Trying to stop the wishbone is like trying to stop a leak in a worn-out pipe. You plug up one spot and it opens up somewhere else."

But suddenly last season the wishbone began to be less effective. Florida Quarterback Terry LeCount explains what happened from his vantage point in the driver's seat. The Gator system calls for the quarterback to make four "reads" as he shuffles along the line of scrimmage. "I'd read one, two, three and four, and they'd all be covered," LeCount says. "So I'd turn the corner, and there still would be three guys waiting for me." The Texas-Oklahoma game, an intense interstate rivalry that produced an average of 51 points a game from 1968 to 1973, ended in a 6-6 tie last season. But most indicative of all the statistics was that for the first time in a decade not one wishbone team ranked in the Top Ten in offense at the end of last season.

"Naturally a shift in balance comes

along every so often," says Alabama's offensive coordinator, Mal Moore. "When you run the ball as often as we do in the wishbone, passing evolves because teams begin stacking defenses. When they stress the run, they become vulnerable to the pass. You take what they give you."

National champion Pittsburgh certainly took what it was given, despite the presence of Heisman Trophy winner Tony Dorsett. Against Duke, Dorsett was held to 40 yards rushing, largely because the Blue Devils had stationed what seemed to be their entire College of Arts enrollment on the defensive line. But Panther Quarterback Matt Cavanaugh began lofting passes over the eight- or nine-man front, four of them for touchdowns in a 44-31 Pitt win. In the Sugar Bowl, Georgia alternated eight- and nine-man lines to collar Dorsett, limiting him to 34 yards in his first 14 carries. Again Cavanaugh took to the air, hitting two passes to set up one touchdown and connecting on a 59-yard scoring pass for a lead Georgia never overcame. Oklahoma threw just four passes in victories over Kansas State and Missouri, but facing Nebraska with a share of the Big Eight title at stake, Oklahoma Coach Barry Switzer unleashed a halfback option pass and a flea-flicker. The two passes were instrumental in a 79-yard march and the game-winning touchdown. "I felt intuitively we ought to hump it up out there," Switzer said.

"When you look at offense as a totality, your first fundamental has to be a running game that is solid and powerful," says USC Coach John Robinson.

Washington State's Jack Thompson threw for a Pac 8 record of 20 touchdowns last season



son. "But in many of the big games passing is so often the difference."

It is a philosophy Robinson may well have acquired by witnessing recent Rose Bowls. Since 1968 the Pac-8, with its pass-oriented attack, has won eight of 10 against the often flavored, run-oriented Big Ten. Last year USC upset Michigan primarily because the Trojans overplayed against the run to stop the Wolverine ground game, especially in the first half. Though his offense was going nowhere, Michigan Quarterback Rick Leach tried only four passes during those 30 minutes of play. In the end USC had held

Michigan to 155 yards rushing, 207 yards below the Wolverine average, and to six points, 32 under the Wolverine average.

If you don't believe passing is making a comeback, listen to the coaches: "We're strong believers in passing. We feel it's safer than our pitchouts."—New Mexico's Bill Canty.

"The defenses eventually catch up, and that's what's happening now. You'll see an increase in passing all over the country."—Georgia's Bill Dooley.

"We have gone to four straight bowls because we are more balanced than a lot of people. Most teams are lopsided on

running."—Maryland's Jerry Claiborne.

"You've got to do something to defeat those eight-man fronts they're using against the wishbone and veer."—Pitt's Jackie Sherrill.

"Last year we increased passing from nine a game to 13, almost 40%, and we're going to increase it more this year. If you haven't practiced passing under pressure, you find it difficult to go to the pass to win."—UCLA's Terry Donahue.

"When a weak team like Rice can score 34 points on a tough team like A&M [which it did by passing] that is a harbinger."—Missouri's Al Onofrio.



Stanford's Guy Benjamin (left) and Gifford Nielsen of BYU (far right) rarely run, but both rank among the top five in total offense. Option quarterbacks

Other harbingers are subtly showing up. In 1974 three Southwest Conference teams averaged 100 yards passing a game. In 1975 there were four, and last year seven averaged 100 yards, including co-champions Texas Tech and Houston. Not coincidentally, in 1974 four SWC members used the wishbone. Last year there were two, and this fall there will be just one (Texas A&M).

In spring practice Texas' new coach, Freddie Akers, abandoned the Longhorn wishbone and installed a veer to bolster passing. And if you think he's just fooling around, he also shifted Olympic

sprinter Johnny (Lam) Jones from halfback to flanker. The first thing Lou Holtz did at Arkansas was to hire Don Brexus, who built the potent air games at Florida State and Florida. Holtz then broke Razorback tradition by signing a receiver as his first recruit. And if you think he's just fooling around, note that the first play called from scrimmage this spring was a pass.

To bolster its passing Pitt bigged the multiple I and will go with a pro I. Big Ten dark horse Illinois will introduce an I, too, and Texas Tech has added a drop-back package to its veer. This spring

Oklahoma initiated three-a-day practices, with more time being devoted to the passing game. So did Nebraska. Tennessee Coach Johnny Majors treated the Volunteer staff to a visit to the Dallas Cowboys—to take notes on their air game. Penn State's Joe Paterno spent part of the winter at Stanford doing likewise. "I can't tell you the number of coaches that visited our spring workouts or requested game films," says Homer Rice, coach of the Rice Owls, the 1976 NCAA passing champion.

And just when evolution seems to be calling for more balanced attacks, the

continued



such as Maryland's Mark Menges, Texas Tech's Rodney Allison and Houston's Denny Davis can dazzle rivals with either their feet or their arms.

NCAA has come up with rule changes that also seem designed to get the ball in the air. The most obvious is the new rule permitting linemen to block downfield as long as the pass is completed at or behind the line of scrimmage. Dave Nelson, secretary of the rules committee, calls this innovation "the major change in the passing game since they changed the size of the ball in 1934." Certainly it enhances the success of screen passes (and of injuries from blindside blocks,

some coaches fear). Another rule reducing the number of football scholarships will, in a less obvious manner, be almost as much a reason to beef up the passing game. Houston Coach Bill Yeoman says, "Once you can't muscle somebody, you better be able to pass."

Mississippi State's Bob Tyler has been using a wishbone for just one season, but he already sees a dropback attack in the Bulldog future. "We're at a point in football where passing is looking over the ho-

rizon," he says. "We'll see a lot of play action this fall because it takes that to get us out of the running defenses we're in. Three or four years from now we'll be seeing games where teams throw 45 or 50 times, like Florida State of old."

Don't think for a moment that traditionalists like Woody, Barry and Bo don't have an ear to the ground. Running has always been the main tenet of their philosophies, but they like to win, even if it means getting the ball into the air. **AND**

THE LEADERS OF A NEW AIR FORCE

With passing making a resurgence, out of necessity, coaches are looking for a species that came perilously close to endangered status in the last decade: the quarterback who can throw. Some of these are strictly passers, including three who are making pro scouts drool: Brigham Young's Gifford Nielsen, Washington State's Jack Thompson and Stanford's Guy Benjamin.

Nielsen is the 6'5" Gentling gun who led the Cougars to the Western Athletic Conference co-championship, mainly by passing for 3,192 yards, the fifth-highest total in NCAA history, and 29 touchdowns, the fourth-best total. This year he aims to become the only player in major-college football history to net 3,000 yards in two seasons, and he is 2,884 yards away from breaking the all-time NCAA career record of 7,549 yards, set by John Reeves of Florida in 1969-71. His accomplishments are doubly remarkable when you consider that Nielsen was an outstanding forward on BYU's basketball teams for two years before trying out for varsity football. From atop BYU stadium Nielsen can see all the meaningful places of his life—where he was born, raised, educated, married and achieved stardom. "It appears that I've covered a lot of ground in a relatively short distance," he says.

That certainly is not the case for Thompson, who was born in Tauala, on American Samoa, and is now playing football at Pullman, Wash. "The life is super here," he says. "Everyone always smiles and laughs." Last year Thompson completed 208 passes, one more than Nielsen, for a 58.6% completion average, three points better than Nielsen's. His passing yardage of 2,762 broke Jim Plunkett's Pac-8 record, a stunning feat since

Thompson was mostly on the bench until Washington State's fourth game. Although he played only 30 of a possible 40 quarters, he threw for 20 touchdowns and scored two others on bootlegs. Against California Thompson rallied the Cougars from a 23-0 deficit only to lose 23-22. Said Cal Coach Mike White, "Thompson will be the greatest passer this conference has ever seen." A junior, the "Throwin' Samoan" may very well emerge as the first 8,000-yard passer.

Stanford's Benjamin last year completed 170 passes for almost 1,382 yards despite alternating at quarterback with Mike Cordova. Coach Jack Christiansen liked them both but was worried that Benjamin was too blithe a spirit to care about football. Benjamin holds the Stanford record for passing accuracy (58%), and although, realistically, he cannot surpass the 7,867 school-record total-yardage figure amassed by Plunkett, who was a three-year starter, he is just 430 yards away from moving into second place ahead of Mike Boryla, John Brodie and Frankie Albert. Christiansen is gone now, replaced by Bill Walsh, who says Benjamin is his man, regardless of his quirks. One of them is game-day preparation. "I meditate using principles of Taoism and Zen Buddhism," Benjamin says, "followed by a couple of hours of TV cartoons."

John Robinson of USC thinks his quarterback, Ron Hertel, ranks among the nation's top five. Last year Hertel came off the bench to help beat Notre Dame, connecting on six of seven passes, including one for the go-ahead TD. You hear the same claims elsewhere. Matt Cavanaugh, a 59% passer, is back at Pitt; Army has Lemon Hall, fourth among returning quarterbacks in both passing and total yardage; Air Force has Dave Ziebert, who completed 19 of 26 and threw for three touchdowns in a victory over bowl-bound Wyoming; Michigan State's Ed Smith, the Big Ten's leading passer, is now a senior, and Dennis Sproul is back at Arizona State after passing for 174 yards a game despite injuries. Grumbling senior Doug Williams holds nearly all his school's passing records, and Utah's Pat Degen was the nation's top quarterback before breaking his hand last year.

The dropback passers won't be the only ones throwing this season; the option quarterbacks will have quite a fling themselves.

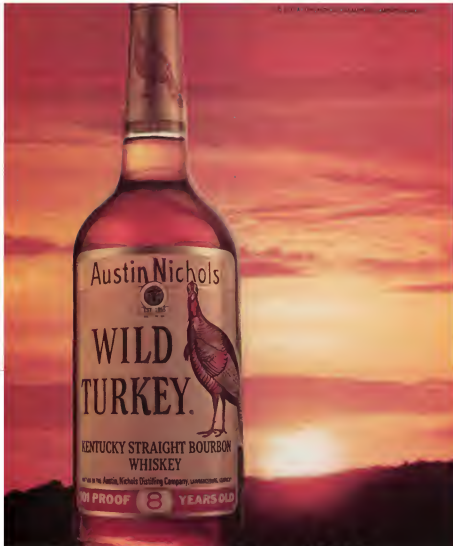
Among them is Arizona's Marc Lunsford, the WAC record holder for average yards gained per pass (9.83). Duke's Mike Dunn ran and passed for 167 yards a game to lead the ACC in offense. New Mexico's Noel Mazzone passed and ran for a record 356 yards against Utah and converted almost 50% of Lobo third-down plays. Memphis State's Lloyd Patterson threw for 14 touchdowns and 1,563 yards, both Tiger records, and rushed for another six touchdowns.

David Walker has Texas A&M thinking Cotton Bowl after turning the Aggies around last season. Walker became the starting quarterback in A&M's sixth game, when the Aggies were 3-2 and had scored as many as 20 points only once. Throwing 61 passes and completing 40, Walker opened up the offense, and the Aggies went on to win seven straight and average 38.7 points a game. Maryland will again be quarterbacked by Mark Manges, a 58% passer who threw for touchdowns in eight of 11 games last year and rushed for 448 yards. When the season was over, the Terps had an 11-0 record and a bid to the Cotton Bowl.

Houston Coach Bill Yeoman might not trade Danny Davis for all the above. Davis came on to lift the Cougars from 2-8 in 1975 to 9-2 and a Cotton Bowl victory. For practical purposes, Davis was Yeoman's only change in personnel from the previous season. He completed 77 of 161 passes for 1,348 yards and ran the ball for another 420. "I don't know what he has," says Wilson Whitely, Houston's All-America tackle, now with the Bengals, "but he sure has a lot of it."

As does Texas Tech's Rodney Allin, who is regarded as the most dangerous option quarterback in the land. He rushed for 523 yards and completed 59% of his 139 passes for 1,458 yards, nearly half of the Red Raider total in a 10-1 season. "He is in charge of the show," Coach Steve Sloan says.

After years of running backs dominating college football, that now seems to be the case with quarterbacks throughout the nation.



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Tying one on for Taiwan

China's Little Leaguers did it again, but they weren't as awesome as usual

Few aspects of American sporting life have been rapped more often than Little League baseball. It has been attacked for the pressures it puts on kids, for the inflexibility of league brass for forcing Johnny to play right field when he wants to pitch. But complaints were at a minimum last week in Williamsport, Pa. The 31st Little League World Series proved that Chinese kids still play the American game best—although American kids are catching up—and that when they meet, boys will still be boys.

For those who follow Little League, it will come as no surprise to learn that Taiwan, the Far East representative, beat El Cajon, Calif. 7-2, for its sixth world title. Taiwan had won the Williamsport showdown five times before 1975, the year foreign entries were banned by xenophobic Little League officials dismayed by U.S. losses.

But if the outcome this year was familiar, the play of the Taiwanese was not quite so overpowering as in the past. During its awesome dominance of the early '70s, Taiwan left its shell-shocked opposition humiliated and hitless. Indeed, the string of football-score victories and no-hit games generated the ban as much as, if not more than, the unfounded charges that the Taiwanese fielded players over 12 years of age from

outsized districts. When these allegations were proved false the ban was lifted.

El Cajon came into the title game with a 16-0 record and an air of delight at the prospect of improving it against the best. To their credit, the Californians were never intimidated, never quit and might have won the championship with better fielding. As it was, El Cajon came away with a moral victory after paying dearly for seven walks, four passed balls, four wild pitches and four errors—which accounted for four unearned Taiwan runs. The Chinese were no less nervous than their American counterparts. Even with a 3-0 lead in the first inning, the usually flawless visitors were rattled enough to commit two Little League-type errors.

Before the final, El Cajon had eked out a 3-1 victory over Hattiesburg, Miss., an all-black team that was the loosest, friendliest and most relaxed of the bunch. The Mississippi kids milled about International Grove—which other bored U.S. clubs christened "Stalag 17"—in happy confinement, soul-slapping everybody in sight and setting up a souvenir money exchange with the Taiwanese, as well as playing well enough on the field to win the consolation-round championship.

Taiwan's first-game victory avenged the treatment received by the Republic of China at the Montreal Olympics, if

one cared to view it that way. Playing with pre-1975 perfection, Taiwan annihilated Canada 19-0 as Tsai Tsung-hien, a side-arming fastballer reminiscent of Ewell Blackwell, tossed a no-batter and struck out nine. "We went out and watched Taiwan practice this morning," Canadian Coach Stuart Dow said after the Chinese had battered his pitching for 18 hits, "and that's the worst thing we could have done."

Against Canada, and every other Series foe, Taiwan's big gun was Chang Chen-jung, a 5' 5", 145-pound version of Greg Luzinski who had 10 hits and 20 total bases in 12 at bats. Chang's .833 batting average was a Series record and his three home runs accounted for five of his 10 RBIs. In the semifinal game against Venezuela, Chang blasted a two-run homer in both the first and second innings as Taiwan won 9-2.

El Cajon won its semifinal—and the U.S. championship—by beating Rotterdam, N.Y., which had been considered the strongest U.S. team. El Cajon's Brett Ward struck out 12 New Yorkers before Andy Hall relieved him in the sixth and ended a Rotterdam rally. Brett's brother Blair pulled in a 209-foot fly ball to center for the final out of the inning. Luckily for El Cajon, the fences at Howard J. Lamade Field had been



Riding high after the championship game, Chang Chen-jung celebrates his .833 average

moved back to 210 feet for the Series. The Californians outscored Rotterdam 6-3, largely because the New Yorkers made five infield errors.

The championship game presented an interesting contrast in managers as well as in teams. Taiwan, described as "letter-perfect, machine-trained and superbly disciplined," was managed by Hsu Chun-chuan, 47, a wizened man who was surprisingly gracious for a reputed martinet. Hsu said his team's biggest problem had been adjusting to the strange U.S. custom of drinking milk cold. El Cajon's Sooty Embleton had no problems with the milk but was considerably more nervous. Still, he was confident his team could win. "We don't want Taiwan to do anything different in the way they play," he said. "Their form is perfect on every play and that's what we'd like to see, something predictable. It's our best chance because that way we can prepare for it."

No one from El Cajon, however, was prepared for John Osborne's shaky pitching in the first inning. He gave up four walks, the first of Chang's three hits and three runs. Chang pitched for Taiwan, but while he struck out nine, his fastball was not as stunning as it promised to be in practice, when Manager Hsu was knocked out of his crouch—and onto his backside—catching Chang in warmups. A bases-loaded walk, the kind of human mistake Taiwan teams never used to make, accounted for El Cajon's first run, while an error and a wild pitch scored the other.

"At least we destroyed the myth that these guys are invincible," an El Cajon booster said later. "They can be had if you don't make the mistakes we made." Devin Lundsford, who got two hits off Chang, apparently agreed. "They proved they were kids," he said.

No one was complaining about that.

THE WEEK

(Aug. 21-25)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AL EAST With the team slugging like the Yankees of old instead of behaving like the Crickets of recent months, New York (5-2) built a two-game lead over Boston. Eleven Yankee homers complemented tight pitching, most notably Ron Gaudry's 2-1 victory against

Texas. Carlton Hunter's 11-1 defeat of Minnesota and Sparky Lyle's 20th and 21st saves. Graig Nettles homered three times, Mickey Rivers had eight hits in a row and none of the players accused Manager Billy Martin of giving them a subtle dig when he treated them to a clubhouse feast of Maryland crabs.

Nothing perturbed the Yankees, not the first homer given up by their pitching staff in 59 innings, not a run-in with White Sox owner Bill Veeck, not an accusation of spying. For some time now, Yankee Administrative Assistant Gene Michael has had the league's permission to station himself in press boxes with a walkie-talkie, the better to advise the dugout on positioning the defense. Veeck objected to Michael's presence in Chicago's press box and ordered him to the stands, where he was heckled by fans. Minnesota Manager Gene Mauer suspected the Yankees might have stolen his signs, but the New Yorkers were hardly upset by that charge—mainly because they won the game 6-4.

Dwight Evans was placed on the disabled list with torn knee ligaments. Fred Lynn re-torn the ankle that had hampered him since spring training and Carlton Fisk said the Red Sox (2-6) were "in a mental slump." Lifting their spirits were Bill Campbell's 21st save during a 9-6 win over Texas and four homers that polished off Minnesota 7-5.

Manager Earl Weaver of Baltimore (2-5) was ejected from two games. Shortstop Mark Belanger's errorless streak stopped at 63 games and Brooks Robinson's 23-year playing career came to an end. Following a 10-5 defeat of Chicago, Weaver admitted, "I managed the whole thing right here [in the clubhouse] on closed-circuit TV and old No. 77 [the telephone extension to the dugout]." For Robinson, the end came so soon could be made for the return of Catcher Rick Dempsey from the disabled ranks. Rich Dauer had six hits in the Birds' two wins and batted .526.

Detroit (4-3) walloped nine home runs, and got unaccustomed pitching from Fernando Arroyo, who had been knocked out in the first inning in three of his previous four starts. He went the route to beat California 5-1. The Tigers announced that Mark Fidrych will pitch no more this season, he will rest his ailing arm and perhaps play some winter ball.

Solid hitting and pitching kept alive Cleveland's hopes of bumping Detroit out of fourth place. Andre Thornton hit his 24th homer and raised his slugging percentage to .584, second only to the .590 of Boston's Jim Rice. Bruce Boche batted .407 and Jim Bibby won on a two-hitter and Dennis Eckersley with a three-hitter and four-hitter as the Indians had four victories in seven games.

Cecil Cooper's 15th home run and Sal Bando's 14th helped Mike Caldwell of Milwaukee (1-6) beat Texas 4-2. Bill Castro came

out of the bullpen in the ninth inning of that game to nail down his 13th save.

"I didn't have any curve at the start and I couldn't get my fastball over," said rookie Jim Clancy of Toronto (3-4), who got his act together as the game went on and beat Oakland 8-1. The Blue Jays swept a doubleheader in Seattle during which Hector Torres had six RBIs. Jerry Garvin won the opener 7-0. Jesse Jefferson the nightcap 9-3. Newcomer Rick Cerone became the first catcher to throw out Oakland rookie Mitchell Page, who had stolen 26 bases in a row.

NY 76-52 BOS 73-53 BAL 72-54 DET 60-67
CLEV 59-69 MIL 56-78 TOR 45-81

AL WEST Bobby Winkles' first 11 weeks as manager of the A's were crisscrossed with problems: injuries, a 14-game losing streak and a road trip on which he found two right shoes in his equipment bag. Last week, the shoe—presumably a right one—was on the other foot for Oakland (5-2). Vida Blue's 12th win was a fifty-fourth, 3-1 job over the Tigers. Rookie relievers saved a pair of games against Toronto for Doc Medich. Bob Lacey protecting a 5-2 lead and Doug Bair preserving a 9-8 advantage.

Willie Crawford wrapped up the first of those games with a three-run pinch home run in the eighth inning. In the other, Oakland batters ran up a season high of 18 hits, including three each by Bill North, Rodney Scott, Earl Williams and Manny Sanguillen. A day earlier, the A's had 13 hits—Sanguillen also had three hits in that game—as they bopped the Blue Jays 8-4. By tossing 4½ innings of scoreless relief, Pedro Torrealba earned the win.

While Kansas City, Chicago, Texas and Minnesota continued to battle for first (page 20), the scramble for sixth tightened as Seattle's edge over Oakland dwindled to five percentage points. A five-game Mariner losing streak ended when John Montague beat the Indians 4-3. Seattle's other win was also against Cleveland. In that 4-2 victory, the Mariners (2-5) scored three times in the top of the ninth on singles by Rupert Jones, Carlos Lopez and Craig Reynolds and a double by Steve Braun.

Bobby Bonds of California (3-4) figured he was right on schedule in his effort to become the first ever to get 40 homers and 40 stolen bases in a single season. He has 31 home runs and 29 steals. No. 31 gave Bonds a share of the league lead with Graig Nettles of the Yankees and George Scott of the Red Sox. Ken Brett bagged his 11th win and Dave LaRoche his 13th save as the Angels defeated the Indians 5-2. Frank Tanana's 20th complete game and 15th victory came as the expense of the Blue Jays by a 3-2 score.

KC 74-52 CH 72-54 TEX 72-56 MINN 73-57
CAL 61-64 SEA 52-80 OAK 49-77

continued

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BASEBALL continued

NL EAST On the whole, the Phillies (3-4) would rather have stayed in Philadelphia. It was there that they stretched their at-home winning streak to 13 games behind Steve Carlton, who yielded just five hits and struck out 14 while stopping the Astros 7-1. As he racked up his 18th win, Carlton socked his second homer of the season, giving him nine hits in his last 15 times up. The Phillies then won twice in Atlanta. Jim Lomberg chalking up his seventh straight victory in the first game by a 5-4 score. Mike Schmidt's 31st homer and Bake McBride's three hits, three stolen bases and game-saving catch in center field sealed a 3-2 Phillie win the next day. That gave the Phillies 19 wins in 20 outings and a 7½-game lead over the Pirates. But just as they seemed ready to make a runaway of the division race, they lost four games in a row as Carlton stopped hitting, Lomberg stopped winning and the defense became shoddy.

Pittsburgh (4-3) used superb pitching to get three week-ending wins and move within 4½ games of the top. John Candelaria (14-4) and Larry Demery combined to shackle Los Angeles 2-1. Dave Parker's 18th homer and Rich Gossage's 18th save led to a 3-1 victory in San Diego. Winning Pitcher Bruce Kison had two singles, a double and a stolen base. In all, the Pirates stole 18 bases, seven by Frank Taveras, who leads the majors with 49. Jerry Reuss then whitewashed the Padres 4-0. The Bucs also downed the Padres 7-6, as Bill Robinson hit a two-run homer and Al Oliver a last-of-the-ninth blast.

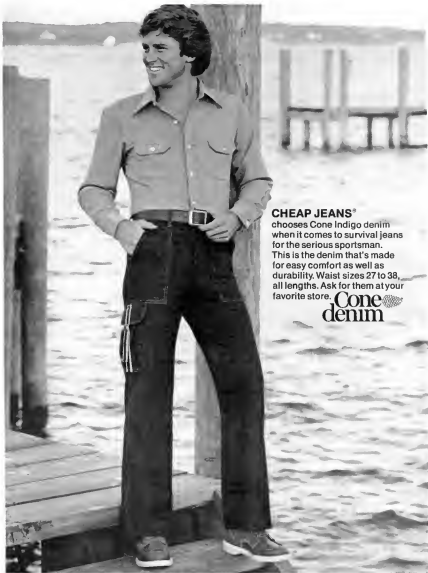
Pittsburgh lost Rennie Stennett for the rest of the season after he suffered a broken right leg and dislocated ankle sliding into second base. He was batting .336, eight points below Parker's league-leading figure. And Willie Stargell may undergo surgery for a displaced nerve in his left elbow.

Bruce Sutter came off the disabled list and got his 25th save to lift Chicago (2-5) into third place. Rick Reuschel (18-5) won that game 5-2 against the Giants; four days earlier he had beaten them 3-2 as Bobby Murcer slugged his 24th home run.

The Cardinals (3-4) overhauled the Dodgers 8-6, scoring seven times in the bottom of the ninth. Roger Freed concluded the springing with a three-run pinch homer. Then Bob Forsch (16-5) beat L.A. 2-1 with a three-batter. Lou Brock stole four bases, leaving him one short of Ty Cobb's record 892.

Del Unser and rookie Sam Mejias filled in ably for injured Montreal Outfielders Ellis Valentine and Andre Dawson. Four RBIs by Unser helped the Expos (3-2) knock off the Braves 10-4. Mejias hit two doubles and a single during a 5-1 win in Cincinnati. Dave Cash, a .480 hitter last week, had two hits and drove in a run as the Expos again beat the Reds, this time 4-2. Cash is hitting .436 against Cincinnati this season.

Jerry Kootman and Jon Matlack of New continued



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York (2-5), once the best part of left-handers on any pitching staff, continued to lose. Two defeats left Koosman with an 8-16 record, despite a respectable 3.35 ERA. Muecke (6-15) was bombed 11-4 by the Reds as his ERA ballooned to 4.25. Reliever Skip Lockwood continued to excel, getting his 13th save and third victory in a pair of 2-1 wins over Houston. Pinch doubles by Bruce Bonciar and Ed Kranepool were vital in those games. Bonciar, whose .571 pinch-hitting average last season was the league's best, had a two-run double in the first win. Kranepool's hit produced the Mets' first run the next day and gave him 30 hits in his last 65 pinch swings dating back to 1974, a .462 average.

PHIL 78-49 PITT 75-55 CHI 70-57
ST.L 71-56 MONT 59-69 NY 51-77

NL WEST A prime reason why major league attendance has already surpassed last season's 31,318,331 has been the Reds, who have been a hot draw at home and on the road. There were 46,265 fans at Shea Stadium when Tom Seaver returned for the first time since being traded to Cincinnati. Seaver responded with a vintage performance, pitching a six-hitter, striking out 11, shutting a double, scoring twice and winning 5-1. Although not as sharp when he faced Steve Carlton and the Phillies in his next start, Seaver (15-5) survived eight walks and five hits en route to a 4-2 victory, his seventh in a row. The Reds (15-21) also beat Philadelphia 6-5, coming from behind four times and winning it with two away in the ninth, when Dan Driessen legged out an inside-the-park homer and Johnny Bench followed with his 28th home run. Crowds of more than 46,000 watched each of those triumphs at Riverfront Stadium, where attendance has reached 2,161,336.

Almost 56,000 fans saw two earlier wins there over New York, which gave the Reds six victories in seven days against the Mets. Cincinnati took the opener of the series 11-4 as George Foster clouted his 42nd home run. The Reds pulled out the second game 3-2 when Dave Concepcion drove in two runs at the seventh. Pete Rose, who had hit only 250 in his 160 previous at bats, had five two-hit games as the Reds advanced to within 8½ games of the laboring Dodgers.

Despite hitting only .229 as their last five games—all of them one-run affairs—the Dodgers (14-3) salvaged three of them. With the aid of Reggie Smith's 23rd homer and 10th-inning Rill single and Mike Garman's seventh save, Tommy John (15-5) was a 2-1 winner in Pittsburgh. Then the Dodgers returned home, where they raised their attendance to 2,274,247 by playing before two crowds of more than 50,000. Garman preserved Rick Rhoden's second win of the week and 15th of the season as Los Angeles stopped St. Louis 5-4 (Rhoden's first victory was a

5-1 verdict in Chicago, during which he had three hits, including his third home run of the season.) The Dodgers then beat the Cardinals 4-3, scoring twice in the ninth.

Three straight setbacks on the road extended Houston's losing streak to six games. When the Astros (4-3) got back home, they promptly put together a four-game victory string, their longest of the season. Joe Niekro cooled off Philadelphia 3-1, and J.R. Richard blanked Montreal 4-0 on three singles. In between were two 6-5 triumphs, one each over the Phillies and Expos, in which the Astros had five consecutive pinch hits.

Rookies were instrumental in three San Francisco (14-3) wins. Outfielder Jack Clark, 21, walked in the 13th inning, stole second and scored the decisive run during a 4-3 victory in Chicago. In a 4-2 win at St. Louis, Clark connected for his 12th homer, and Outfielder Randy Elliott, 20, for his sixth. And Bob Knepper, 23, squared his record at 7-7 by trimming the Cubs 7-1 on a three-hitter.

Also getting a boost from rookies was Atlanta. After dropping their first three games, the Braves won four straight, starting the streak with a 4-3 decision over the Cubs. Don Collins, 24, got the win in that game. David Campbell, 25, was awarded a save and Third Baseman Junior Moore, 24, drove in the clinching run. Moore then hit a grand slam as the Braves defeated the Cubs 8-6 and a homer with none on as Preston Hanna, 22, picked up his first big league win by stopping

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

MICKEY RIVERS: The Yankee centerfielder connected for his eighth and ninth homers, had eight RBIs and moved into third place in the batting race with a .332 average by getting 15 hits in 39 trips in the plate.

the Mets 5-3. A single by Shortstop Pat Rockett, 22, finished off New York 5-4 in the 10th. Phil Niekro (13-16) was the victor in that contest, as Jeff Burroughs hit his 34th homer.

Until last week, San Diego (2-3) pitchers had just one shutout and two complete games. Then rookie left-handers Bob Ojswicko, 22, and Bob Shirley, 21, showed their stuff. Ojswicko (6-8) became the first Padre to pitch a complete-game shutout this season as he defeated the Cardinals 7-0. Dave Kingman walked up a grand slam in that game. Gene Tenace's homer produced the only run the next day as Shirley (8-15) and Reliever Rolfe Fingers held off the Pirates. It was Fingers' 28th save, which, combined with his eight wins, gave him a hand in 36 of the Padre's first 56 victories. He is challenging Jay Carroll's league record of 37 saves and John Hiller's major league high of 38.

LA 77-52 CIN 69-61 HOU 61-69
SF 60-71 SD 56-75 ATL 47-61



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Michigan	Mich.	Mich.	Mich.
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New Mexico	N.M.	N.M.	N.M.
New York	N.Y.	N.Y.	N.Y.
North Carolina	N.C.	N.C.	N.C.
North Dakota	N.D.	N.D.	N.D.
Ohio	Ohio	Ohio	Ohio
Oklahoma	Okla.	Okla.	Okla.
Oregon	Ore.	Ore.	Ore.
Pennsylvania	Penn.	Penn.	Penn.
Rhode Island	R.I.	R.I.	R.I.
South Carolina	S.C.	S.C.	S.C.
South Dakota	S.D.	S.D.	S.D.
Tennessee	Tenn.	Tenn.	Tenn.
Texas	Texas	Texas	Texas
Utah	Utah	Utah	Utah
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He had won on both coasts, but many questioned the chestnut's superiority. Then Affirmed took the celebrated Hopeful Stakes from a prince of a colt named Alydar and laid claim to the 2-year-old title

Fans often confused two horses trained by LeRoy Jolley. One was named Foolish Pleasure and he won the Kentucky Derby. The other was Honest Pleasure and, while favored to win his Derby, he did not. To make things worse, Foolish was honest and Honest often foolish. Foolish Pleasure retired last year, but Honest Pleasure stayed around to run for another season. No matter. Many folks still call him Foolish Pleasure. Now racing fans have a new duo to deal with—Affirmed and Affiliante.

Affiliante is a good 3-year-old owned by the Harbor View Farm of Louis Wolfson and trained by Laz Barrera. Affirmed

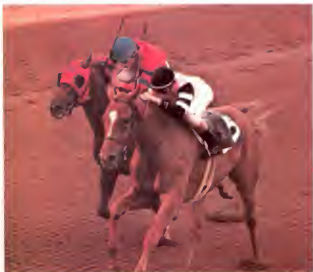
is a good 2-year-old, which he proved last week by winning the \$80,175 Hopeful Stakes at Saratoga. He, too, is from the Harbor View/Barrera barn. "All the time I find myself entering Affiliante in a stake that Affirmed belongs in, or winning down Affirmed when I mean Affiliante," says Barrera.

Well, Affirmed is trying very hard to make a name for himself. He has taken major races on both the East and West Coasts in just three months of competition. He has started six times and won five races, \$168,137 and four stakes. And now the son of Exclusive Native—Won't Tell You also may have won the 2-year-

old championship. His main rival for the title, Alydar, finished half a length back of Affirmed in the Hopeful.

There were only five starters in the 6½-furlong event, but the field was high quality and attracted a sizable crowd to the walking ring. Alydar, who had won four straight, including Belmont Park's Great American and Tremont and Monmouth Park's Sapling, was the favorite at even money. The colt is owned by Calumet Farm, which 25 years ago was a powerhouse but last year earned only \$87,725. The first stable to win \$1 million in a single season, Calumet did it at a time when purses were half what they are to-

continued



Once more Calumet's famed devil's red and blue silks are a threat, but Affirmed turned them back with a record run



MAN TO MAN

by John Weitz

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HORSE RACING continued

day. The year was 1947. That winter Calumet's 6-year-old Armed won the Widener Handicap at Hialeah and its 3-year-old Faultless took the Flamingo. Also on the shedrow were a couple of 2-year-olds named Citation and Culltown who would soon smash their opposition. Calumet had superlative runners of all ages and descriptions that season and a maver trainer in Plain Ben Jones. By December 31 it had won 100 races and \$1,402,436. (The previous record was \$601,660.) Although million-dollar earnings and deals are now commonplace in sport, Calumet was the first to make the figure a standard. Six times Calumet topped \$1 million in winnings, and its devil-colored and blue colors became not only famous but feared.

Then Calumet's foundation sire, Bull Lea, died, and Citation, who was to be his replacement, failed dismally at stud. The stable rarely bought new stock and the bloodlines thinned. But this year Calumet seemed resurgent. Its 3-year-old filly, Our Mims, won major races, and Alydar was considered such a bright prospect that Trainer John Veitch sent him to the post for the first time in the Youthful Stakes at Belmont instead of in a maiden event. Word of the colt's ability had spread throughout the backstretch and he was made the favorite. However, he had had racing luck and finished fifth. The horse that beat him on that occasion was Affirmed.

Three weeks later Alydar (the name derives from Aly Darling, which is how Calumet owner Lucille Markey used to address Aly Khani) met Affirmed again and this time beat him by 3½ lengths. The ease with which Alydar won suggested that he should have things his way for the rest of the season.

However, losing to Alydar in the Great American did not stop Barrera from thinking that Affirmed was something special, too. Barrera is a man of great pride, wit and cunning. He is the leading trainer in the nation in earnings and is constantly jumping on planes to California to oversee his West Coast operation. On one such trip he saddled Affirmed in a division of the \$100,000 Hollywood Juvenile, and the colt won off by himself, easing to the finish line seven lengths in front.

"Sometimes I think I must be crazy trying to run one stable in California and one in New York," Barrera says. "I'm on the red-eye airplane all the time. Un-

til 1976 I had never won a \$100,000 race in my life. Then I trained Bold Forbes to win the Kentucky Derby and Belmont Stakes. It brought me a lot of joy as well as the publicity, but this year may turn out to be good, too. I'm awfully proud of being the leading trainer at Saratoga for the second year in a row. It's hard to be the top trainer here; the meeting only lasts for 24 days and you're competing against the biggest and best stables day in and day out."

Ten days before the Hopeful, Barrera sent Affirmed to the gate with Steve Cauthen up in Saratoga's Sanford Stakes. The colt won in a hard drive. The race served its purpose, priming Affirmed for the Hopeful and demonstrating that he, like his sire, Exclusive Native, also a Sanford winner, relished the track. But in the Hopeful he would have to take on Alydar again.

Saturday's race was marred when Alydar, breaking from the inside post position, swerved to his right and bumped into Tilt Up, who in turn slammed into

Darby Creek Road. Alydar seems to have trouble coming out of starting gates. In nearly all of his starts, he has gotten away last. Jockey Eddie Maple had to give the colt time to settle down, dropping him back into last place. Affirmed, on the other hand, broke alertly, and Cauthen kept him outside [the Saratoga track is usually deep along the rail] and free of trouble. At the top of the stretch Affirmed went to the lead as Alydar came up to join him. They ran through the stretch together, but a furlong from the finish Affirmed inched away. Regal and Royal crossed rapidly to finish three lengths back of the winner.

Affirmed's time of 1:15½ was a stakes record, which was no mean feat; Man o' War, Regret, Whirlaway, Native Dancer, Nashua, Buckpasser and Secretariat were Hopeful winners, too.

This was the season when the sons and daughters of Secretariat were expected to emulate their sire. Thus far three have raced and finished fourth, fourth, and seventh. The seventh-place finisher, Bril-

liant Protege, appeared in the race following the Hopeful. He didn't run a lick despite going off at odds of 5 to 2. Most of the Secretariats do not look like their father, which horsemen consider a bad sign. For instance, Brilliant Protege is a roan. On the other hand a daughter of Sham, the colt who was always running second to Secretariat, was making headlines at Saratoga last week. This was the undefeated Sherry Peppers, who took the Spinaway Stakes.

The Hopeful win gave Barrera a tie (with T. J. Kelly) for the Saratoga training title. As he stood in the winner's circle Barrera was asked if he was aware of that fact. "Very aware," he said. He examined the strapping chestnut colt being led away and said, "Steve Cauthen rode this horse like he was born on him. Affiliante was named the outstanding 2-year-old of the Hollywood Park meeting and now with this win he has to be the best 2-year-old anywhere." Barrera paused and shook his head. "Damn it," he said, "this isn't Affiliante, it's Affirmed." **END**



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They didn't make a dent

An unusually confident team of Britons once again failed to win the Walker Cup

Southampton summer people with late-August tans and visiting Britons with sunburned noses stood together in a semicircle at the west end of the gray-shingled Shinnecock Hills clubhouse on Long Island last Saturday, smiling and applauding indulgently like parents at a graduation ceremony, as Harry Easterly, the soft-spoken Virginian who is president of the USGA, presented the Walker Cup to one of the youngest American teams in the 55-year history of the competition.

Six college boys, who will all be pros before long, and a lawyer, a stockbroker, a golf-course operator and an insurance

salesman, who will not, had just dashed the hopes of a highly praised British team, winning 16 of 24 matches over two days, thereby becoming the 23rd American team to win the old silver loving cup with a dent in its side. The British, to whom the Walker Cup has become something of a Grail, have won it only twice since it was established in 1922—in 1938 at St. Andrews and again there in 1971.

That such a lopsided competition has not passed unearned into golfing history is a tribute to its charm as a sporting event and to the fact that the USGA and the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, the ruling bodies of the sport, are nothing if not traditionalist. Take the dent, for instance.

It was put there in 1932 by Leonard Crawley, a member of the British Walker Cup team, during the matches that year at The Country Club in Brookline, Mass. In his morning match Crawley, who later became the golf writer for the *London Daily Telegraph*, hit a perfect two-iron second shot that soared straight into the wind and came to rest in the middle of the 18th green. That afternoon, when his match reached the 18th hole, Crawley prepared to hit the same shot again, having failed to note, however, that the wind had shifted 180 degrees. This time his two-iron so far exceeded his needs that the ball sailed over the green and the grassy slope behind it until, still on the fly, it struck the big silver cup on its display table near the clubhouse. Dented the Walker Cup is, thanks to Crawley, and dented it will remain, praise be!

The youngest of the American college boys this year was Gary Hallberg, 19, who has finished his freshman year at Wake Forest and who looks so young that guards at the U.S. Open in Atlanta last year kept refusing to let him on the grounds. Hallberg has a good record in amateur events this year, but he lost both his foursome and singles matches the first day at Shinnecock Hills and was left out of the four-somes on the second day. This meant that he had to win his singles match Saturday afternoon to keep from being shut out, the worst fate that can

befall a Walker Cupper. (People are still talking about how Jerry Pate, who took the U.S. Open 13 months later, lost all of his.)

Hallberg's opponent was Peter McEvoy, the current British Amateur champion, a 24-year-old law student from Warwickshire of whom big things were expected. But McEvoy had had a bad time of it, too, having lost two foursomes and one singles match. Hallberg beat him 4 and 3 with birdies on the 14th and 15th holes. As it turned out, the Hallberg win clinched the cup for the Americans, although six other singles matches were still in progress.

It was really over by the end of the first day. The British, led by their fiery little captain, Sandy Saddler, a 41-year-old master baker from Forfar, Scotland, had put a great deal of pressure on themselves. They, and the British sporting press, too, felt that if ever there was a British team that could win, this was it. The American team was not as strong as usual, they thought, and Shinnecock Hills, a links-type course similar to many in Great Britain, would probably aid them. "Sandy's Tartan Army," as it was called by the *Scottish Daily Express*, psyched itself up with brave words during the practice rounds. When McEvoy was asked what he thought of the Americans, now that he had seen them play a little, he said, "They don't look like much. I can't remember when I've been less impressed." Saddler said of his team on Wednesday, "If they produce the golf on Friday and Saturday that they have all week, we'll be home and dry on Saturday night."

But Friday was a disaster for the British. They won only one of the four foursome matches and two of the eight singles—three points out of a possible 12. And poor McEvoy bore the brunt of it. He and Sandy Lyle, the 19-year-old son of a Scottish teaching pro, lost 4 and 3 to Americans Vance Heafner and John Fought (rhymes with boat). Heafner, who is 23, owns a golf course in North Carolina and is the son of the late Clayton Heafner, a touring pro in the 1940s. Fought, a recent BYU graduate, has already made the cut twice in the U.S. Open and once in the Masters.

McEvoy also lost that day to Lindy Miller, who was low amateur at this year's Open. When Miller was 13 or so, he used to slug balls for Ben Hogan at Fort Worth's Shady Oaks Country Club.



The Americans, most of whom will turn pro, laid claim to the battered trophy

In losing to Miller, McEvoy shot an eight-over-par 78, or "70 bloody 8" as Pat Ward-Thomas of *The Guardian* put it.

There was one bright moment on Saturday for the British. As the foursomes made the turn in the morning, all the British pairs were leading, some by healthy margins. But they lost two of the four matches. With eight singles matches to play in the afternoon, the British would have had to win seven of the eight to tie. They won only three.

The Americans produced most of the best moments. Mike Brannan, a 21-year-old who is also from BYU, hit the outstanding shot of the first day, a 190-yard two-iron from the 18th fairway in two feet of the pin. Scott Simpson, the two-time NCAA champion from USC, who was unbeaten in three matches, sank a putt from clear across the green on the 17th hole Saturday that broke the back of his foursome match. And that afternoon Lindy Miller holed a 50-foot putt from the back of the 18th green that rolled like a freight train downhill into the cup.

Only those who follow amateur golf closely have heard much about these college boys, but this will not long be the case. They all plan to turn pro: some as soon as next week. The others will continue to play golf the amateur way, part-time and for the love of it—Dick Siderowf, 40, the New York stockbroker who last week was playing in his fourth Walker Cup; Jay Sigel, 32, a Pennsylvania insurance salesman; Fred Ridley, 24, a recent law-school graduate and 1975 Amateur champion, who has been hired by Mark McCormack, and Heitner, who is going to try being a businessman, at least for a while.

Looking on from the audience at the closing ceremonies last Saturday, as the light faded and fog began to blow in off the Atlantic, were a handful of people who had watched the first Walker Cup matches 55 years ago. One was a tall, stately, white-haired woman, now Mrs. Joseph C. Dey Jr. of Locust Valley, N.Y., but then 15-year-old Rosalie Knapp of New York City. She remembers standing near the 1st tee at the nearby National Golf Links, watching Cyril Tolley, Roger Wethered, Francis Oumet and Jess Sweetser hit their tee shots. "They were giants to me then," she says. "I'm afraid I don't know these boys at all."

For the moment, though, the boys were heirs to the giants.

END

DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")



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JIM SIMON

HOME: North Hollywood, California

AGE: 30

PROFESSION: Film animation producer, director and designer

HOBBIES: Music, painting, handball

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "The Hobbit" by J.R.R. Tolkien

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Winning the U.S.A. Film Festival Award for "The Strike," a five-minute animated film produced for the Black Psychiatrists of America.

QUOTE: "Animation is a great deal more than funny characters. Because of its unique ability to bridge the gap between fantasy and reality, its potential is, in many ways, almost limitless."

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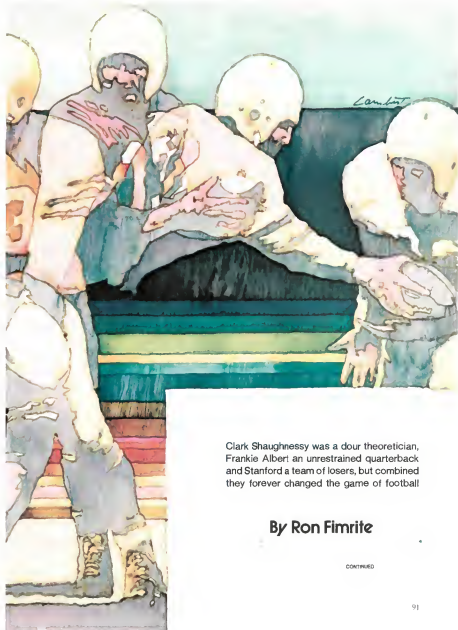
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A Melding
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All Suited
to a **T**





Clark Shaughnessy was a dour theoretician, Frankie Albert an unrestrained quarterback and Stanford a team of losers, but combined they forever changed the game of football

By Ron Fimrite

CONTINUED

"There are no longer any distinctive systems in football. They've become standardized. Nobody sees a balanced line anymore except at Notre Dame, and even some Rockne-trained coaches are getting away from it. There is only one formation that's any good and it's the single wing."—Michigan Athletic Director and former Coach Fielding H. (Hurry Up) Yost on the eve of the 1940 college football season.

"That hocus-pocus which is called the T-Formation made 90,000 spectator converts and seemed definitely to signal the arrival of a new era in college football. The day of the tug-of-war is out—Clark Shaughnessy and his Stanford Indians have definitely killed it."—Curley Grieve, writing in the *San Francisco Examiner* after the Rose Bowl game of Jan. 1, 1941.

"The whole season was like a fairy tale."—Frankie Albert, quarterback of the 1940 Stanford team.

The hiring of Clark Shaughnessy as football coach at Stanford for the 1940 season struck most alumni, fans and critics at large as an act of folly comparable to employing an arsonist as fire chief. In 1939 Stanford had won but one game and had been disparaged as the worst team ever to represent the university, but compared with the University of Chicago team Shaughnessy had coached that same season, Stanford seemed a veritable juggernaut. In 1939 Chicago had been beaten 85-0 by Michigan, 61-0 by both Ohio State and Harvard, 47-0 by Virginia, and 46-0 by Illinois. Chicago had scored just 37 points in eight games while 308 had been scored against it. At the behest of Chicago's president, Dr. Robert Hutchins, who detested the game, the university discontinued football after this mournful season. "I did not de-emphasize football at the University of Chicago," Dr. Hutchins boasted. "I abolished it."

Shaughnessy could have stayed at Chicago as a professor of physical education, but after 25 years as a coach he found the prospect of a fall without football insupportable. He was unquestionably available, but how, outraged Stanford alumni protested, could a man with such impeccable credentials be expected to lead the Indians out of the gridiron wilderness? The fact that Clark Shaughnessy did it so spectacularly is achievement enough, but he accomplished much more by the end of the 1940 season. In coaching Stanford to its only undefeated and untied record, he also contrived to change the game itself as radically as Einstein changed conventional thinking on physics.

Before Shaughnessy at Stanford in 1940, the T formation was a relic from football's antiquity. No one used it. Shaughnessy himself had not used it at Chicago, but he had experimented with the alignment as a member of the Chicago Bears' T brain trust, along with Owner-Coach George Halas and former Bears Coach Ralph Jones. The Bears were the only professional team to run out of that arcane formation. The T had been used by Amos Alonzo Stagg at the University of Chicago before the turn

of the century, but it was soon supplanted by the Pop Warner double wing, the Notre Dame box and the power-oriented single wing. With the success of these formations, the T seemed no more effective than the flying wedge, from which it sprang. Direct passes from center to a running back or passer protected by cordons of blockers represented the standard offense.

No one was prepared for the Shaughnessy T with its lightning thrusts and deception. An entire generation of coaches and players had grown to maturity without seeing the T, and no one had ever seen a T that placed such emphasis on wide-open play, for even under Stagg the formation had been built for power.

After Stanford's milestone performance in 1940, coaches turned to the T as if it were a revealed truth. By the end of the decade, according to a survey by *Football Digest*, 250 of the top 350 college teams were using it. Everyone, as the newspapers of the time were so fond of reporting, "was going to a T party." Even Frank Leahy flew in the face of all that was sacred and discarded the Notre Dame box for the T within two years of Stanford's epochal season. Now there is scarcely a team at any level of play that does not use the T in one form or other. Be it pro set, power I, wishbone or veer, it is essentially the same formation Shaughnessy introduced 37 years ago to an extraordinary group of young men who would become known as the Stanford "Wow Boys."

Shaughnessy's meeting with these players stands as one of those rare instances in life when time, place and personalities join in perfect union, when disparate and formerly malfunctioning parts mesh into a precision instrument. American football has never had a moment quite like it.

Clark Shaughnessy was 48 years old when he moved from Chicago to Palo Alto with vague hopes and volumes of unused play diagrams. From what he had seen on film of Stanford's calamitous 1939 season, he suspected that the material for the new kind of football team he envisioned was at hand.

When Stanford began its search for a successor to the deposed Tiny Thornhill, the talent scouts were surprised to learn in what special regard Shaughnessy was held by his coaching colleagues. For a man who had enjoyed only occasional success at Tulane, Loyola of New Orleans and Chicago, he was looked upon as a sort of mad scientist who might yet rule the football world if his experiments could ever be made to work. The notion of hiring such an eccentric was not without appeal at a university that prided itself on innovation.

True, Shaughnessy's Spartan life-style seemed a bit severe for the West Coast. It was his practice to go to bed as early as seven o'clock of an evening and arise, chipper and refreshed, at three or four in the morning, ready for work. To the lasting grief of his subordinates, it was his conviction that they, too, should observe such a regimen. Shaughnessy neither drank nor smoked and looked upon those who did with disfavor. "When he said, 'Let's go have a drink,' he meant, 'Let's go drink a milk shake,'" recalls Archie Schwartz, Shaughnessy's backfield coach and his successor as head coach. "He disappointed a lot of newspapermen that way."

Shaughnessy proved to be extremely sensitive to criticism, so his relations with the press would never be defined as warm, milk shakes or no. At one meeting of the Northern California Football Writers' Association, he demanded that an offending columnist leave before he would consent to speak. The meeting was abruptly adjourned. At a time when coaches were as much public-relations men as field bosses, Shaughnessy held himself apart; he was an ascetic among bucksters. Roger Treat, the football historian, said of Shaughnessy when he later joined the

Bears' staff full time. "I always looked upon Clark Shaughnessy as a conscientious idealist who might better have followed the trail of Father Flanagan of Boys Town. He may never be entirely happy in the jovial thuggery of pro football, where every man has a little assassin in him." "The world," said Coach Bob Zupke of Illinois, "lost the greatest undertaker when Clark Shaughnessy decided on football coaching."

Shaughnessy was so addicted to theory that he may have looked upon his players more as X's and O's than as flesh and blood. It was a failing that would eventually bring him to grief. He frequently did not recognize friends or acquaintances on the street, so preoccupied was he with the diagrams spinning in his head. When an interviewer asked him, innocently enough, what his hobbies were, Shaughnessy tartly replied, "Hobbies?"

Why, football is my hobby." Chuck Taylor, Wow Boys guard and later both football coach and athletic director at Stanford, has said he was never certain Shaughnessy knew his name on the field. "He knew my position and everything about it and he knew my jersey number, but my name . . . I just don't know."

Not only was Shaughnessy's appointment as head coach regarded with suspicion by some influential Stanford alumni organizations but it was also viewed with outright hostility. Their favorite candidates had been Dud DeGroot, an alumnus who was coaching just down the highway at San Jose State, and Buck Shaw, who at equally proximate Santa Clara University had taken two teams to the Sugar Bowl. Why had the university reached so far beyond the fence for a bad apple when it had two plums in its own backyard?

continued



Suited to a T continued



It was even suggested in some quarters that Shaughnessy had been hired to preside over the demise of Stanford football. Had not his previous employers, Loyola and Chicago, both dropped the game? "If the school is really going to deflate football," one alumni chapter cutely advised the Stanford Board of Athletic Control, "then there is no need of assisting in any way the athletes in the fold." The alums were not about to foot the funeral expenses.

For its part, the Bay Area press looked upon Shaughnessy's hiring as an occasion not so much for dirges as high hilarity. Stanford, that pillar of academe, had quite obviously made a fool of itself. Columnist Prescott Sullivan of the *San Francisco Examiner* and Jack McDonald of the *Call Bulletin* proposed that since the austere coach apparently had no nickname, he be called, "Soup," the diminutive, they insisted with sledgehammer irony, of "super." Sullivan, cleverest of the local sportswriters, delighted in reminding his readers of Chicago's losing scores in 1939, protesting all the while that doing so was against his principles and in the worst conceivable taste. "We

have heard it said," he wrote, "that Shaughnessy has developed the knack of losing to the point where, with him, it is an exact science. In light of his record, we aren't at all surprised at this."

If Shaughnessy was a certified loser, so then were the players he inherited from the benighted Thornhill, a coach who had achieved the heights with the "Vow Boys" Rose Bowl teams of the mid-'30s (so called because they vowed never to lose to USC, which they did not) but who had fallen into disgrace in 1939. Thornhill had reason to believe he was about to receive the Stanford as when, with his team trailing Dartmouth 3-0 in New York's Polo Grounds, he reluctantly stepped forward to deliver his final half-time address of the 1939 season. It would be, in fact, his last half-time address ever. As he stood before his downcast charges, it occurred to him that words were inadequate to express his displeasure, so he turned to his assistants for succor. They, too, were speechless. Finally, he called upon Bones Hamilton, a star Vow Boys halfback who had traveled with the team for the last game of the season. Hamilton did have something to say:

"You are by far and large the worst group of players who have ever worn the Stanford red."

Stung by this depressingly accurate appraisal, the players rallied to score 14 points in the second half and win their only game of the season. Says Tackle John Carl (Jack) Warnecke, now an internationally renowned architect, "That was the making of the 1940 team."

The hero of that solitary victory was a left-handed, 170-pound tailback who had wavered between first and third string all season and who seemed, in fact, to be facing extinction under the grueling demands of the single and double wing formations. Frankie Albert had led Stanford's 1938 freshman team to an undefeated season but he had been inconsistent in his first year with the varsity.

Still, of the seven touchdowns Stanford scored in '39, he had posed for four and run for two. As a boy growing up in Glendale, Albert had seen the Vow Boys play in Pasadena and had followed the adventures of USC Scabbard Cotton Warburton in the Coliseum Like Warburton, he invited upon wearing jersey No. 13, although when he had first reported for football at Glendale High School the coaches could find no uniform, bearing whatever number, small enough to accommodate his 118 pounds. Albert played lightweight football for two years, then, at a strapping 145 pounds, led the varsity to the Southern California high school championship in 1937, his senior year.

Portentously, the winning touchdown in that title game against Santa Barbara High was scored on a play Albert concocted in the huddle. A certain passion for the unexpected would characterize his careers in both college and professional football. The playbooks, even Shaughnessy's thick folios, would never adequately cover the problems he was able to perceive. Even when Albert was going by the book, he appeared to be

making up plays on the spot, for he had a habit of standing apart from a huddle and reconnoitering the enemy before rushing dramatically back to his waiting teammates as if seized with sudden inspiration. It was part of the Albert mystique. There have been better quarterbacks, but none with more flair.

Albert was as disheartened as his coaches were by his erratic performance in 1939. "I guess I'm just another of those high school players who can't develop enough for college football," he told his brother Ward.

The losers, coaches and players, met for the first time in March of 1940 in a history classroom on the Stanford quadrangle. The players instantly recognized comic possibilities in this marriage of misfits. "We'd been reading about all those beatings Shaughnessy's team had taken," recalls Fullback Milt Vucinich, now a successful San Francisco businessman, "so we were joking among ourselves that wasn't it just like Stanford to hire somebody like this to coach us." Says Warnecke, "We felt Shaughnessy was only what we deserved."

The sardonic laughter was abruptly squelched when Shaughnessy strode through the classroom door. Standing before them, his back to a large blackboard, he was hardly what the players had expected. A man who could absorb 85-0 beatings should be slump-shouldered, woebegone, but Shaughnessy was militarily erect and trim and, at 6 feet and 190 pounds, as big as many of them.

"Boys," he began, "I am not to be addressed as 'Clark' or, especially, 'Soup.' To you, I am 'Mr. Shaughnessy' or 'Coach.' Nothing else. Now, I have a formation for you that if you learn it well, will take you to the Rose Bowl."

He stepped to the blackboard and sketched out an unusual alignment. The line he depicted was balanced. The quarterback was directly behind the center, actually touching him, and the remaining three backs were in a line behind him. Together, the backs formed the letter T. Shaughnessy began to diagram plays. "If you learn this play well, you will score five touchdowns with it this season," he said, the chalk hurrying across the board. Albert was skeptical but fascinated. "Five touchdowns on one play!" he said to himself. "We hardly scored

continued



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five touchdowns all of last season."

Among Shaughnessy's more conspicuous talents was a knack for fitting the man to the position. Chuck Taylor had been a blocking back in the Warner system; Shaughnessy made him a guard in the T, a position at which he eventually made All-America. Vic Lindskog, a transfer from Santa Ana Junior College, also came to Stanford as a blocking back; Shaughnessy made him a center, and there he would prosper in professional football.

Shaughnessy was to describe the backfield he inherited as tailor-made for the T. The fullback, Norm Standlee, was a giant for his day at about 220 pounds, but he had the speed to run the ends, a skill never exploited in the single and double wings, but a requirement in the T. On quick opens from the new formation, Standlee would also hit the line at close to full speed, the impact carrying him for certain yardage. As a professional with the Bears and the San Francisco 49ers, he would be considered the quintessential fullback.

Pete Kmetovic had been a tailback in 1939, but he played sporadically because he could not pass well. He became Shaughnessy's left halfback, a remarkably shifty runner who, as the man most frequently in motion, became a superb pass receiver, a heretofore unplumbed talent. Hugh Gallarneau's abilities as a runner and receiver had been wasted in his previous duties as a wingback in the Warner formation. As right half in the T, a 190-pounder with speed and power, he was the perfect complement to Standlee and Kmetovic.

Shaughnessy hired Bernie Masierson, the Chicago Bears' quarterback of the previous season, to coach Albert in the intricacies of ball handling from under the center. In an astonishingly short time, the pupil became the master. Shaughnessy had known from the beginning that Albert would be his quarterback.

"Long before I went to Stanford I had heard of him," Shaughnessy wrote in *Football in War and Peace*, a book published in 1943. "I knew he fitted exactly the requirements of the T-Formation. Frankie, for example, was not used in [my] system as a blocker or a ball-carrier, assignments in which he would have been at a great disadvantage because he was neither strong nor fast. His talents

were primarily those of a faker, he could fool people, and by temperament he ate up that sort of assignment. His talents were more intellectual and psychological than physical. He was a poker player if ever there was one, and the T-Formation gave him exactly the best opportunities to exploit those strengths of his to the utmost, at the same time covering up the shortcomings he had that would have put him at a great disadvantage in other styles of play."

Shaughnessy and Albert were opposites, the former solemn and pious, the latter puckish and irreverent, but opposites attracted to each other. Albert was the only Stanford player who dared trifle with the coach. For the amusement of his teammates, he would feign injury in practice, only to spring to life as Shaughnessy, gray-faced, approached on the run. Shaughnessy broke with many associates in his later life, but praised Albert, both as a player and a person, to his final days. Though he would later coach Norm Van Brocklin and Bob Waterfield, Albert remained, for him, "the greatest quarterback I've ever seen." And Albert, to the present, speaks reverently of Shaughnessy's "genius."

During the 30 days of spring practice and the intense preparations of September, Shaughnessy worked himself, his assistants and his players as few college teams have ever been worked. If the T were to fail, it would not be through lack of preparation. One evening, Stanford Athletic Director Al Masters complained angrily to the maintenance department that some idiot had left the lights on at the football practice field. The "idiot," he was advised, was Shaughnessy, and the lights were on because the team was still practicing.

Shaughnessy was never happier. "I've had 60 big kids, tough, rugged fellows who love football, coming out every day for a month, coming from classes and laboratories on the run just to practice, then running back after practice to wait on tables and the like. There's tremendous football spirit at Stanford."

But there were setbacks. In a scrimmage against the freshmen in the fall, the varsity was able to score only a single touchdown. Shaughnessy subsequently designed a single wing offense to be installed if the T should not work, although

he did not tell the players, fearful of further eroding their confidence.

Newspaper accounts of the unusual goings-on at Palo Alto only occasionally referred to the new system as the T formation, reporters preferring to call it "The Shaughnessy System" or "Shaughnessy's new razzle-dazzle attacks." One who did call it by its correct name was Bill Leiser of the *San Francisco Chronicle*. "No one knows for sure what kind of football the Indians will play from this new T-Formation," he wrote. "They start from the Notre Dame T and then stop looking like Notre Dame because they don't shift at all and never do get into the famous box formation. The man-in-motion may stop anywhere on the field. He changes the formation. Albert parks himself right behind the center and takes the ball directly from his hands on nearly all plays. It's football unlike any previously played on the Coast."

Stanford's opening game, with the University of San Francisco on Sept. 28, 1940, was to be the second in an unprecedented major-college doubleheader at San Francisco's Kezar Stadium. The first game matched Santa Clara with Utah. Across the Bay that day, the California Golden Bears had a date with Michigan and its All-America tailback, Tommy Harmon, in a game considered much more significant than either of those at Kezar.

On the eve of the game, Shaughnessy delighted reporters covering his practice by dressing his team in their brilliant new game uniforms—bright cardinal jerseys and stockings, white helmets and pants—instead of in the sweat clothes ordinarily worn on the last practice of the week. It was a pity, the newsmen commented, that such fashionable raiment would be ripped to tatters by the street kids from San Francisco.

Santa Clara defeated Utah 34-13 in the opening game before a crowd of 34,000. Stanford and USF took the field shortly before 3:30 for the second game. Mac Speedie of Utah, later an All-Pro receiver with the Cleveland Browns, was showering in the Kezar locker room when the second game started. Disappointed in his team's defeat, he had no interest in watching another football game that day, so he lingered in the solitude of the dressing chamber. As he towed off, a teammate burst through the door

"Hey," he shouted, "you got to see this to believe it. They've got the damnedest formation out there I've ever seen. You can't even follow the ball!"

This historic game began rather sloppily. Because of penalties and fumbles, Stanford did not move the ball in its first two possessions. Further evidence, skeptics agreed, that Shaughnessy's system was more baffling to those using it than to those it was being used against. The third time the Indians had the ball, however, the pieces began to fit. Albert received 17 yards to Gallarneau, who made easier because the USF secondary, transfixed by an Albert fake, failed to cover the receiver as he drifted in motion. Then Standlee burst through an immense hole for 20 more yards. Albert could not contain himself as he rushed into the huddle this time. "Hey," he shouted, "this stuff really works." Kmetovic scored the first touchdown of the game on a quick opener up the middle. He was not touched. It is entirely possible he was not even seen.

"You could tell by the holes we had that somebody was confused," says Kmetovic, now the Stanford rugby coach. "We were running right by people who didn't know we had the ball."

Defenses of that time were accustomed to seeing the ball centered some four or five yards to a tailback or a fullback. The essential problem then was to break down the massed blocking in front of the runner. Considering the inexperience of Stanford's line, that did not seem to be a problem. But somehow those linemen were almost as elusive as the backs; instead of standing there as if screwed into the ground, they seemed to come at the opposition from every direction but straight ahead.

Stanford's new offensive plays developed so quickly that being small in the line was not such a disadvantage. Defenders did not have to be held off for three or four seconds, as was the case in the single wing. The T formation required only "brush blocking," a technique wherein the defender was merely neutralized for a moment or two. Even more confusing, however, was what was going on behind the line of scrimmage. Deception, in those days, was most often represented by a fullback spinning and handing off to another back or by the tailback reversing the ball to a wingback on a fake

sweep. Then again, the fullback might hand the ball to the blocking back—the quarterback in the single wing—on a fake line plunge; the blocking back, in turn, might lateral the ball to the tailback or wingback—the buck-lateral series. Defenses were accustomed to such tactics and it was not often they were caught completely off guard.

But with the Stanford T, the defense never got a look at the ball to begin with. Albert, his hands cupped between the center's legs, received the ball, wheeled so that his back was to the line and faked the ball to one or two runners before either giving it off or keeping it himself. On the quick openers, he simply turned to hand the ball to a back running at almost full speed into the line. The man-in-motion was a further dilemma to the defense. From the straight-T alignment, one of the backs would leave his position before the center snap and move laterally along the line, hurrying downfield with the snap as either a pass receiver or a decoy. Secondary defenses had never dealt with such a caper before.

All of Stanford's plays required timing that seemed beyond the capabilities of college players. Even the Chicago Bears, for all of their experience with the system, had had only sporadic success up to that time and, significantly, none of the other pro teams had seen fit to emulate them. But Shaughnessy had the right people. And Lord knows, they had worked at the task. The timing, even in the T's debut, was exquisite.

"They kept changing guards on me," Taylor says. "They couldn't handle the quick openers, didn't even seem to recognize them. Obviously, their linemen had instructions to get lower and lower. Eventually, they got so low, all I had to do was fall on my man."

Stanford won 27-0, outgaining USF 247 net yards to eight. The score would have been higher had Shaughnessy not used 42 players in the game, and this in the years before free substitution. Still, the importance of the game did not immediately sink in. Harmon's spectacular performance against Cal—he scored four touchdowns, three on runs of more than 50 yards—upstaged the show at Kezar. Harmon alone would have been enough to command the headlines, but he had unexpected help from a spectator, one

continued

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H. J. (Bud) Brennan, who, in his frustration, leaped from his seat during one Harmon Jaunt and attempted to tackle him near the Cal goal line. Photographs of the balding and paunchy fan groping for the great halfback occupied full pages in all of the principal Bay Area newspapers the next day.

The introduction of the T had been overshadowed by events both sublime and ridiculous, but the full significance was not entirely lost. "This type of football is different," wrote Leiser. "Why, some of these Stanford kids running away from the play actually had defenders chasing them harder than other defenders were chasing the ballcarrier." George Malley, the USF coach—described in the *Chronicle* as looking like "a man who had just seen a ghost"—could only shake his head in disbelief after the game. "We were baffled, naturally, by all that running around in the backfield."

Spectators experienced as much difficulty locating the ball as did the bewildered USF defenders. As with most occasions of this sort, the number of people who claim to have been there must now exceed a million, but one who really was on hand was Lou Spadia, former president of the San Francisco 49ers. "No one was prepared for what we saw," he says. "I couldn't tell where the ball was. No one around me could."

The game made an instant star of Albert, and for deeds never before celebrated. His passing and kicking were properly applauded, but it was his mystifying ball handling that enchanted the public. He had added a new dimension to the game, created, in fact, a new vocabulary. "Ball handling?" What had that to do with football? "Hand-offs?" What were they? "Quick openers?" Faking with the ball is an essential of T quarterbacking, but when the formation was new it was a unique gift, and Albert was not merely good at it, he was a genius.

"Don't forget Frank did all this before anybody had done it," says Vucinich. "All that spinning, faking and handing the ball off quickly. Kids learn that stuff today in grammar school. Frank learned it all in one spring, and no one's ever been better at it. If we hadn't had an Albert, we probably wouldn't have used the T, and the game would be entirely different from what it is today."

After the USF game, Shaughnessy discarded his single wing playbook. In one day he had transformed the game's most popular formation into an anachronism.

"I don't think anybody really believed us until the seventh or eighth game," says Albert, turning the pages of a scrapbook entitled *Stanford*. He is trim and jaunty at 57, though the still-handsome Peck's Bad Boy face is lined with the years and scarred from too much football, and the once black hair is gray. He speaks crisply, as if still barking signals, but always with a trace of amusement. Frankie Albert has had mostly good times.

Though he does not dwell on the past, he happily relives it. He pulls out a copy of Collier's, which has him on the cover riding the shoulders of joyous crowds. The face in the picture betrays not a hint of embarrassment.

Investments, including one with his old pro team, the 49ers, have made him a man of comparative means, with time to enjoy his family, his tennis and the company of old friends. He and his wife of 35 years, Marty, live in a lavishly appointed condominium scarcely a mile from the Stanford campus.

"We just kept winning," Albert says, looking with wonder at the succession of headlines heralding victory. "Shaughnessy was like a fortune-teller. He'd tell us this or that would work and it always did. He'd invent new plays in the middle of a game and, heck, no one had more plays than we already had. Hardly anyone has now. The guy was always thinking. We all respected him. Years later, I'd never smoke in his presence. He had that kind of power over us."

They were called the "Wow Boys," an invention of publicity men, the nickname derived from the "Wow Boys" as much as from the team's capacity to astonish. But not every win was as easy as the first that year. They were behind in several games, winning as often as not, in the closing minutes with some act of trickery. Word of the new formation spread quickly through the coaching fraternity, and desperate measures were taken to cope with it. The coaches of two future opponents, Shaw of Santa Clara and Tex Oliver of Oregon, watched the USF game with mounting alarm from the Kezar press box. "I saw so much that I can't go to sleep now," said

Oliver. "That stuff requires defense."

At a time when defenses tended to be static, Stanford faced 10 separate setups in 10 games, including the Rose Bowl. Among these was a 4-3, devised by Oregon State's Lon Stincer, that would become the standard pro football defense of the 1960s and '70s. The Wow Boys beat it 78-14.

Stanford's offense was so versatile that new stars emerged each week. Kmetovic or Galliarneau might win the day with long runs or pass receptions, or Standlee might dominate with his power thrusts. But Albert was the pilot of the machine and his daring and generalship kept every opponent off balance. And for all of his cerebral skills, he was a splendid athlete in the bargain. Against Oregon State he averaged 52.6 yards on eight punts. In the team's one poorly played game, his point-after-touchdown kick defeated stubborn Santa Clara 7-6. He called all the plays, did the punting and place-kicking, returned punts and was the team's best defensive back. He also added another play to the Stanford repertoire when, spotting a massed defense, he elected not to give the ball to Fullback Vucinich on a fourth-quarter play in a game against Washington, but kept it himself and ran alone away from the blocking flow for 14 yards. Vucinich, who had expected to receive the handoff, was as baffled by the maneuver as was Washington. It was Albert's first "bootleg," a device he would employ to great advantage with the 49ers.

In the Rose Bowl game, Nebraska scored the first time it had the ball. Albert trotted over to Shaughnessy, who was staring gloomily, and said, "Don't worry, Coach, we haven't had the ball yet." Stanford won 21-13, Galliarneau scoring twice, on an 11-yard run and a 40-yard pass from Albert, and Kmetovic on a 39-yard punt return. Stanford gained a total of 347 yards to Nebraska's 128. The T had established itself against a tough intersectional opponent that had had a month to prepare for it.

Albert was virtually a unanimous All-America selection for 1940, and Shaughnessy was named Coach of the Year.

Three weeks before the Rose Bowl, the Chicago Bears scored an astonishing 73-0 win over the Washington Redskins in the NFL championship game. Shaugh-

nessy, whose association with Halas dated to 1933, had taken time out from his own team's preparations to assist his old collaborator before the title game. Halas had described Shaugnessy as "the greatest play designer in the game," and the Bears' offense was at least partly his creation. In Sid Luckman, Halas also had found the quarterback he required to make the T work as it was meant to. What had once been an offense rooted to the brute power of Fullback Bronko Nagurski had become a magic show. The electrifying successes, one after the other, of the two T teams incited a revolution in both college and professional football. It was as if the two teams had had the same coaching staff, which, in a way, they had. Shaugnessy watched Halas' landmark victory and Halas watched Shaugnessy's. They shared a common sense of vindication.

After graduating from Stanford in 1942 and serving three years in the Navy during World War II, Albert, still a legend, signed to play with the 49ers in their first season, 1946. A pioneer once again, he was the box-office draw the team required for survival in the new All-America Conference. His passing, bootlegging, quick kicking and incurable gambling endeared him to a postwar generation of fans hungry for entertainment. Albert was flashy, he was also very good. In 1948 he threw 29 touchdown passes to eclipse a pro football record held by Luckman. He also scored eight times to help account for an amazing 37 touchdowns. He was the team's quarterback when it entered the NFL in 1950.

Albert retired after the 1952 season. In his last game, a win over the Green Bay Packers, he flamboyantly tore off his helmet, jersey, socks and shoes and tossed them to admiring youngsters on the Kzar playing field. He coached the 49ers for three years, 1956 through '58, and nearly won a championship, his '57 team losing 31-27 to the Detroit Lions in a heartbreaking playoff for the Western Conference championship, after leading 24-7 at the half. Disillusioned, Albert quit coaching after 1958, declaring himself "emotionally unsuited" to the task. To those who questioned his decision, he replied, as he still does, "Have you ever seen a happy coach?" Albert would never again risk that sort of unhappiness, preferring to dabble in a variety of busi-

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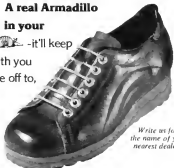
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ness ventures—real estate, restaurants, automobiles—most of which earned him healthy profits.

His old teammates seem surprised that he is not even more successful, that he is not the chairman of some conglomerate or the president of a television network, so unwavering is their faith in his originality and resourcefulness. But Albert has stayed out of the big races. "I'm not too much for working," he says. "I've got everything in life I require. I've just been lucky."

Shaughnessy quit Stanford after the 1941 season when it became apparent the university would discontinue football during World War II. He moved first to the University of Maryland, then to Pittsburgh and back to Maryland again. In 1948 he became head coach of the Los Angeles Rams, a job he held for only two seasons before owner Dan Reeves—charging Shaughnessy with creating "internal friction"—replaced him with Joe Stydahar. Shaughnessy's own parting remarks were characteristic: "When Stydahar gets through with the Rams, I can take any high school team in the country and beat him." It was hardly a prophecy; the Rams won a division championship in Stydahar's first season and shattered almost every league record for passing yardage and scoring.

Except for a fill-in job at the University of Hawaii in 1965, Shaughnessy never worked again as a head coach. He served Halas as an assistant from 1951 to 1962. When he quit, he complained of "differences," even with so rare a friend.

Clark Shaughnessy died on May 15, 1970 in Santa Monica, Calif. at the age of 78, his reputation for genius somehow intact despite a 149-116-17 record that scarcely compared with those of similarly acclaimed coaches. It was a reputation constructed largely on one all-trumpphant, incandescent season. Never after 1940 did he find the right combination of time, circumstances and people to serve his restless intellect and turbulent energies. But it can be said that, perhaps more than any coach in the game's history, he left an enduring heritage.

There were many mourners at Shaughnessy's funeral, but the largest representation by far came from the Wow Boys of 1940. To them, prominent men in business and the professions, he remains "Mr. Shaughnessy, Coach."

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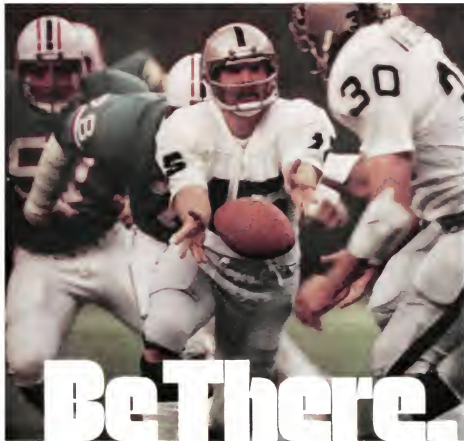
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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Aug. 22-28

AUTO RACING—NICK LAUDA drove his Ferrari to victory in the Dutch Grand Prix at Zandvoort, ahead of Jacques Laffite in a Ligier-Matra, and took a 10-point lead over Josy Schekker for the Formula 1 world drivers championship.

PRO FOOTBALL—Dallas need no longer wait for Tony Denard to arrive. He has. The rookie charged out 19 yards in 18 carries against Baltimore, including an electrifying 17-yard run that helped set up Elmer Bennett's 13-yard field goal with one second left that beat the Colts 23-17. Joe Nantz tossed a touchdown pass to Wendell Tyler in the second quarter, and Pat Haden flipped a scoring strike to Harold Jackson on the third. St. Louis, Los Angeles first to Kansas City, which got fourth-quarter touchdowns from Tony Stewart and Pat McNiel to beat the Rams 27-19. New Orleans suffered its first preseason loss to the New York Jets, who celebrated their second win, 20-14. Jet Reserve Quarterback Mark Robinson threw two touchdown passes, a six-yarder to Rich Carter and a 57-yarder to Richard Osborne. Oakland visited San Diego 15-7 in Ken Stabler and Mike Ruge each led the Raiders to a pair of touchdowns. Cadeianis rolled up 223 yards and four touchdowns in the first half and blew by St. Louis 31-9. Washington's Billy Kinney threw a 16-yard touchdown pass to Larry Jones, and Mark Moseley kicked two field goals to lift the Redskins past Green Bay 13-9. Atlanta took advantage of two late Tampa Bay mistakes and got a 42-yard field goal from Alvin Lewis and a one-foot touchdown plunge by June Jones to beat the Buccaneers 30-21. New England tied Pittsburgh with 14 seconds left to play on a six-yard touchdown pass from Steve Grogan to Russ Francis, then won in sudden death on a 32-yard field goal by John Smith. Philadelphia defeated Denver 28-24 on a 29-yard kickoff return by Mike Montgomery and two 20-yard touchdown passes.

GOLF—HALE IRWIN, with rounds of 65, 62, 69 and 68, led a 20-under par 264, cruised to a five-stroke victory over Leonard Thompson in the Colgate-Hall of Fame Classic on the Potomac 196 C in New Canaan.

BOXING—LAURENCE, a fast-tough six-under-par 67, for a 212 total, coming from three strikes back to win the Pat Berg Classic in St. Paul. Minn., in two rounds over Luvira Bligh and Marty Werner, won \$18,150.

The U.S. retained the Walker Cup, beating Great Britain 16-8 at Shinnecock Hills in Southampton, N.Y. (page 48).

HARNESS RACING—GREEN SPEED (53-40) drove by Billy Hampton to win the \$279,000 Yankees Trot at Dover.

first leg of morning's triple crown in a stakes record 1:39 at Yonkers Raceway, N.Y.

HORSE RACING—AFFIRMED (56-60), ridden by Steve Cauthen, beat Alydar by half a length to win the \$65,000 \$100,175 Hopeful for 2-year-olds at Saratoga, N.Y. on 1:59, a stakes record (page 47).

SOCCER—The Cosmos won the NASL championship Soccer Bowl, beating Seattle 3-1 in Portland (page 46).

SWIMMING—The U.S. defended East Germany 100-meter and set three world records at a dual meet in East Berlin (page 40). JOE BOTTOM broke the 100-meter butterfly record by .06 with a 54.88. BRIAN GORDON set a record for his own 400-meter freestyle mark by 1.7 with a 3:51.16, and JACK BABASHOFF, BOTTOM, RICK DEMONE and JAMES MONTGOMERY lowered the 400-meter freestyle relay mark by 1.34 seconds, to 3:21.11. East Germany's CHRISTIANE KNAACK broke the 100-meter women's world butterfly record by .35 with a 59.78, and L. ROSE TALLER lowered her own 200-meter individual medley world mark from 2:15.91 to 2:15.85.

TENNIS—WTT New York won its second straight league championship, sweeping Phoenix 27-22 and 28-17 in the final series. In the clincher in Phoenix, the Rangers' Chris Evert and Kevlarie Shaw blasted Virginia Wade and Billy Jean King in the women's doubles 6-3, but then Wade playing with Wimbledon-like intensity walked Evert 6-0. King and Ray Ruffels topped Shaw and Rose Case 6-4 in mixed doubles, and Sandy Mayer beat Phoenix' Burt Wahl 6-1 in the men's singles.

MARTINA NAVRATILOVA beat Mima Jancovic 3-6, 6-2, 6-1 to win the Women's Tennis Classic and 66,000 in Charlotte, N.C.

TRACK & FIELD—ALBERTO JUANTORRENA of Cuba defeated Kenyan Mike Rest by one second in their long-awaited confrontation at 800 meters in an international meet in Zurich, covering the distance in 1:43.6, 2 off his world record. In the 5,000 meters, MARY LUKALSKI set an American record of 15:16, lowering Duncan MacDonald's mark by 3 seconds.

ROSEMARIE ACKERMANN of East Germany improved her world record for the women's high jump by 1/2" with a leap of 6' 6 1/2" in West Berlin.

VOLLEYBALL—In this, the regular season's final week, every team but Tucson is in contention for four playoff berths. Santa Barbara is second place in the West.

disfined division leader Orange County, took \$88,000 moved to within 15 games, the Continental Division, Denver led El Paso-Juarez by 26 games.

WORLD UNIVERSITY GAMES—The U.S. men's basketball team took the gold medal in Sofia by defeating the Soviet Union 47-46. Sid Moncrief of Arkansas was high scorer with 16 points. The U.S. women got the silver medal, losing to the Soviet Union 80-76. The Soviet Union was first in the medal standings with 92, and the U.S. was second with 43.

MILEPOSTS—Hired FRANK McALGHLIN, 30, as head basketball coach at Hartford, Mich., despite his record with 10 years as an assistant coach at Notre Dame, replaces Tom (Satch) Sanders.

Hired JUNGLEY TALBOT, 45, as coach of the New York Rangers. A former defenseman for the Montreal Canadiens, Talbot coached the St. Louis Blues for parts of the 1972-73 and 1973-74 seasons and last year served as the Rangers' assistant coach. He replaces John Ferguson, who remains in general manager.

PLACED ON PROBATION—By the NCAA, the University of Nevada Las Vegas for two years, for violations in its basketball program between 1971 and 1975. The school is barred from postseason competition and NCAA-sanctioned television appearances.

RETIRED—JOHN VALCHIT, 68, after 19 years as athletic director of the University of Mississippi, effective Jan. 1. An head football coach at Ole Miss from 1947 until 1970, and in 1973 Valchit's return won his Southeastern Conference office, appeared in 18 bowl games and had a record of 190-61-17.

SPENDING For 30 days by the New York State Racing and Wagering Board, DR. JAMES HILL, for his unbridled and unlicensed past ownership of four horses, including Seattle Slew, during Hill's suspension. Hill is barred from racing in New York, and possibly in other states where there is no prior record.

CREDITS

■ Mike Fuchs — drawing by SCOW. ■ 1610 — Eric Simon, artist. ■ 1611 — Grant M. Harris. ■ 1612 — Mary McLean. ■ 1613 — Tony Fisher. ■ 1614 — Mike Miller. ■ 1615 — Gloria Neels. ■ 1616 — Dick Raphael. ■ 1617 — Rich Clark. ■ 1618 — Illustrations by John Hutchinson. ■ 1619 — Grant M. Harris. ■ 1620 — Left to right: Dennis S. Madigan, James Galt, country Texas Tech, Rich Clark, John McLean. ■ 1621 — Tony Simon. ■ 1622 — Nelson Silverman. ■ 1623 — Lane Stearns. ■ 1624 — AP (1).

FRESHMEN IN THE CROWD

RYNOR FRAGOR
Linebacker



Byron, 6' 6", 260-pound defensive tackle, runs a 4.7 40-yard dash. He averaged three sacks per game at Montgomery's George Washington Career High and became the first black to win that city's Hitchcock Award for all-round excellence.

TIM KOEGEL
Norm Davis



Tim, 6' 4", 185-pound quarterback, won Ohio AAA Player of the Year after leading Cincinnati's Moeller High to a second straight state title. He holds school records for passing yardage in a season (1,512) and career (3,331).

JEFF HORNREGER
Center



Jeff, 6' 5 1/2", 188-pound tailback, last year scored 18 touchdowns for Edwardsville (Ill.) High. In three years he averaged 8.87 yards each time he touched the ball—passing, receiving and returning kicks—and scored 33 touchdowns.

DENNIS SMITH
LB



Dennis, a 6' 2", 180-pounder, was one of the nation's top defensive backs at Santa Monica (Calif.) High Offensively, he caught 33 passes for 11 touchdowns. Smith also high-jumped 7' 2" to break Dwight Stines' state prep record.

JOHN MORTLER
All-Star Guard



John, 6' 2", 180, is the top receiver in Arizona prep history. As a junior at Tucson's Sahara High he caught 81 passes including 21 in one game. In three years Mortler hauled in 149 passes for 2,323 yards and 21 touchdowns.

BOOKER MOORE
Pro Staffer



Booker, 5' 11", 190, is a two-time All-State running back from Flint (Mich.) Southwestern High. As a senior he rushed for 1,263 yards and scored 21 touchdowns. He was also an All-State sprinter with a 9.8 100 to his credit.



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BIG BUSTED MACHINE

Sir,

Yes, The Big Red Machine is now The Big Dead Machine and no, they will not win a third world championship in a row (*The Reds Are Saying the Blues*, Aug. 22). But remember this: long after the current Dodger team and all the other pennant contenders of 1977 have been forgotten, people who know baseball will still be talking about the awesome Cincinnati teams of the '70s. They'll talk of the greatest catcher of all time, the greatest switch hitter and the greatest all-round second baseman the game has ever known. Wait till next year; wait till forever.

TIM MCCALFE
Santa Monica, Calif.

RECORD BREAKER

Sir,

So what if Lou Brock breaks Ty Cobb's stolen-base record (*Make Way for the Sultan of Swaps*, Aug. 22)? He'll still have to steal 46 more bases to pass the record holder for the most stolen bases in the major leagues, Billy Hamilton with 937. Hall-of-Famer Hamilton played in the National League for 14 years (1888-1901) and batted .344 lifetime.

BOB CURTIS
Dearborn, Mich.

• During most of Hamilton's career, until 1896, a runner was awarded a stolen base if he advanced on an out or, say, stretched a single into a double.—ED

Sir,

Why should Ty Cobb, the unchallenged premier baseball player in history, be attacked by Ron Famine as "a racist, truculent, profane, suspicious, humorless bully"? Blackening Cobb does not enhance Lou Brock's image. Surely Brock's breaking of the stolen-base record is an event to be acclaimed, but not to the extent of degrading one of the best, if not the best, baseball players ever. As a great follower of Ty Cobb, I may be a bit biased, but you see, families never die. They continue to grow.

JASON COBB
New York City

Sir,

Two years ago when Lou Brock ran in the Super Stars 100-yard dash with speedsters like Paul Blair, I was intrigued by his leg motion. While the others were scrambling, bowlegged, burning up energy, Brock seemed to be floating along, knees pumping almost above the waist, legs together. And I was reminded of Jesse Owens and his incomparable stride. Now Ron Famine tells me that Jesse actually

coached Lou in his early days and a lights dawns.

TOM ADAMS
Key Biscayne, Fla.

SOME SLUMP

Sir,

As a fellow native of Richmond I was overjoyed to see Larry Wadkins regain his form and win the PGA (*The Battle of the Ages*, Aug. 22). However, to say that Nicklaus is in a "slump" is ludicrous. I hope that I will be able to make more than \$250,000 in an off year.

THOMAS SYDNOR
Charlottesville, Va.

Sir,

Dan Jenkins credits both Litter and Wadkins with having played the second playoff hole perfectly with matching birdies.

But after getting a free drop from an "earth crack," Wadkins proceeded to hit his worst shot in 74 holes of play—a long, strong-boy, hacker hook. He was actually slamming his club into the ground in disgust when the ball suddenly emerged from trees and tiger country and bounded onto the green.

Gene Littler played the hole perfectly, but Larry didn't and would be the first to admit it. It proves that sometimes in golf the important thing is not how but how many.

FORBES K. WILSON
York, Maine

HOCKER ORIGINS

Sir,

My compliments to Virginia Kraft on her article on hocker (*A Game Any Number Can Play*, Aug. 22), but she could have included something about the first "city" hocker league, which was founded in 1966, its games being played under the lights in the P.S. 26 schoolyard in Queens, N.Y., by this writer and a few friends. We called the game "sockey" (clever, huh?). It was played with a goalie, one defenseman and two forwards. Anything went—as did a section or two of fence. We played two 15-minute halves. Many people came out to watch, and many teams were formed. I believe the Rangers won the first championship with Barry Block in goal, myself at the defensive slot, and Charlie Lugga and my brother Michael at forward. The league was disbanded the next year because a few of the lights burned out and the city never replaced them.

BORNE HECHT
Hancock, N.H.

TRAPSHOOTERS

Sir,

I respectfully disagree with Virginia Kraft

continued

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19TH HOLE continued

(If You Call Him Old Folks, Be Prepared to Duck, Aug. 8) when the considers the International Clay Pigeon Championship of America to be the most prestigious title in trap-shooting, I think that most, if not all, serious shooters would rank the Grand American Handicap, the North American Clay Target Singles Championship and the North American Clay Target Doubles Championship far superior. The number of participants in each event alone would substantiate this. Moreover, the International Clay Pigeon Championship of America is not considered in computing the season's high overall winner.

I certainly mean no disrespect to Mr. Gales, who is indeed an outstanding trap-shooter. RONALD B. JAMES
Columbus, Ohio

PORPOISE SURVIVAL

Sir:

There are more plausible reasons for an apparent decrease in the number of porpoises killed in the tuna nets than superintendence or the preposterous overnight evolutionary changes suggested in your SCORECARD item of Aug. 15.

The most obvious explanation would be that very few animals have survived the porpoise program of the American tuna fleet; that the Pacific Ocean spinner dolphins, on which nets are set, have been reduced to the brink of extinction.

A happier explanation would be that tuna men, because of pressure from conservationists that has led to stricter regulation, are fishing with greater circumspection and using new equipment and techniques that save porpoise lives.

One can only hope that the latter is true.

LIS LINA
Editor, Audubon Magazine
New York City

BENGAL TIGERS

Sir:

I would like to know how Joel (Cowboy) Parrish suddenly became a guard for the Cincinnati Bengals of the NFL (SCORECARD, Aug. 8) when just two nights ago he was in uniform for the Toronto Argonauts of the Canadian Football League, when they defeated the Hamilton Tiger-Cats.

JOHN GOODROW
Burlington, Ontario

Sir:

Although Joel Parrish was drafted by the Bengals, he was signed by the Argonauts. He and Mike Wilson make up the "Georgia Connection" of the Argos' offensive line, and if all goes well, they will be here for many years.

JAMIE FARMER
Scarborough, Ontario

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